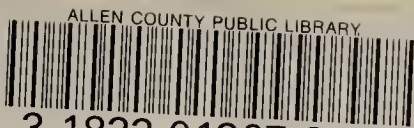


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HOBART FAMILY IN AMERICA
TWELVE GENERATIONS

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE
FIFTH

TO THE
SEVENTH

OF THE
CENTURY

BY
JOHN B. BOWEN

AND
JOHN

1857

A COMPANION GENEALOGICAL RECORD

IS

TITUS FAMILY IN AMERICA

ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF THE DIRECT LINE
FROM ROBERT TITUS I TO DOROTHY MADALENE
TITUS AND BURSLEY HOWLAND TITUS XI

WITH

An Appendix Containing: Descendants of Afton Gould Titus IX;
Gould family; Bigelow Family; Daggett Family; Carpenter Family;
Titus Family of Titusville, Florida; Titus Family in England;
Governor Thomas Mayhew; Descendants of John Smith Titus VI;
Descendants of Captain Calvin Titus VI; and Miscellaneous
Genealogical and Historical Notes.

COMPILED BY DOROTHY M. TITUS

EDITED BY PERCY HOBART TITUS

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1943



PERCY HOBART TITUS
Born 1879 — Eleventh Generation
Photograph Taken in 1929

HOBART FAMILY IN AMERICA

Twelve Generations

Compiled by
DOROTHY M. TITUS

Research by the Editor
PERCY HOBART TITUS
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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1943

1641069



Hobart

TO THE MEMORY
OF
"THE OLD SQUIRE"
HORACE MILLS HOBART
1828-1908

EDITOR'S NOTE

Copies of this genealogical record have been placed in the libraries of many genealogical and historical societies, several public libraries maintaining genealogical departments, and certain other institutions which have requested copies; as well as distributed among members of various branches of the Hobart family.

To encourage the recording and preservation of additional genealogical data relating to the family and its collateral lines, several blank pages have been provided at the back of this book. Any notations or extensions should be entered by consecutively numbered paragraphs, and the corresponding numeral should be marked on the margin of the printed page whereon appears the name of the ancestor concerned.

It is hoped that those who may follow this procedure will, for the benefit of future generations and to lend assurance to others in search of genealogical data, in all instances, cite the source of and the authority for such additions. Examples: Tombstones at ———, Family Bible of ———, Church records of ———, et cetera. It will also be helpful if each notation or series of notations be dated and signed with the name and address of the person making the entry. The lack of such information on countless records has baffled many a genealogist, and has been largely responsible for the errors that are extremely hard to avoid or correct in the chronology of any long ancestral line.

"This world" the liar to the laggard cried
"Owes you a living;
Snatch it if you can!"
"An earlier debt" the voice of Truth replied
"Must first be paid—
You owe the world a man."

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

This sentiment, which hung framed
on his wall, was exemplified by the
life of the late Lloyd Albert Titus.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Many kindly, gracious and patient friends, old and new, have given the editor priceless assistance in gathering and compiling the material which has made possible the publication of this book and its companion volume, *Titus Family in America, Eleven Generations*.

His research has been pursued intermittently, at such odd hours as a very busy man could spare, in many states from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico, during a period of over thirty years.

Many of these friends have departed, and the present addresses of others are unknown, but to them all the editor is deeply grateful.

He wishes particularly to extend his thanks to a few who have supplied missing links, given helpful advice, patiently interpreted his mass of notes and hurried manuscripts, and have caused the tree of hope to bear the fruit of realization.

They are: his daughter, who has devoted to this work such a generous part of her free time for three successive years; Miss Florence E. Fulford, of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord, New Hampshire; Captain C. Wesley Patton, Registrar of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants, and Chairman of the Committee on Genealogy of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Eliza Hammond Parsons, Colebrook, New Hampshire; Miss Beverly A. Sweatt, Lowell, Massachusetts; Mr. John Bursley, West Barnstable, Massachusetts, and Mr. George Addison Hobart, Newark, New Jersey.

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PERSONAL FOREWORD

TRADITION and genealogy are inseparable. Tradition largely shapes the destiny of nations; genealogy, in its broad sense, is the principal force which determines and keeps alive the traditions of the individuals who create the national tradition.

Many of our best and sincerely patriotic citizens are of comparatively recent foreign extraction, and the only reason they are not interested in American tradition is that they have never heard of it. They may have been told of Salem witch-hunting, but not informed that, in that same day and age, the superstition was more widespread and persecution more cruel in the Old World than in the New; nor have they been reminded of the horrors of the continental inquisition in those times.

They are quite unaware that after three years of research, 1924 to 1927, a committee, appointed by Congress to study all census, immigration, and other population statistics and records from the days of the first settlers, reported that in 1920 approximately one-half of the white population of the United States was not only of early American stock, but that the great majority of that half was of American Colonial ancestry. (If one asks how this can be, he should note the record of the eighteen children of the Reverend Peter Hobart.) The recent exposé of the lack of teaching of American history in our colleges has caused quite a furor in our press; but one college president coolly remarked that too much American history was taught—but not in the right way. Others concurred; the implication being that it should be taught from the European viewpoint—with Marxian trimmings.

Certain elements of our population are hostile to our American tradition; not because they are opposed to tradition as such, but, usually, because, having had no part in shaping ours, they are primarily devoted to the traditions of other lands. Their viewpoint is understandable, and within its bounds most of them seek to be good citizens. Their sons are now fighting under the American flag on far-flung battlefields and are thus, themselves, becoming a part of American tradition.

Other elements, however, accept the freedom and opportunity which our forefathers won through centuries of struggle and hardship, only to grab, by fair means or foul, the prosperity built by generations of hard work and thrift (the two deadly enemies of socialism), and then, under the protection of our free institutions traitorously strive to destroy those institutions and to pillage what others have earned. They are closely identified with those who not only profess scorn of tradition (of which they are not a part), but, before the shooting started, spoke sneeringly of patriotism. When victory comes and their cowering hides are safe, we shall hear from them again. From their congenitally warped minds, crooked tongues, and poisoned pens will flow, under the appealing disguise of idealism, the foul vapors which long drugged and befuddled the minds of many unsuspecting and well-meaning Americans. Our descendants can better combat these vicious, subtle, and wholly unAmerican elements if they are armed with a consciousness of the saga of their ancestors.

Our schools and colleges teach the immutable, simple but wonderful laws of biology and the principles of anthropology, which are also the laws of heredity; yet, from the class in biology the student may walk into the class in sociology and, too often, be taught, in effect, that one's biological heritage is of little or no significance. The student then may attend church and be solemnly assured that the character and quality of man is dependent upon his professed theological leanings. The most

confusing, though sometimes amusing, paradox which the student may encounter arises from the teaching and preaching of a small but influential group of erudite and highly intelligent imported professors who have held high positions in some of our universities. They, of necessity, acknowledge the laws of heredity, but have spent their lives endeavoring to prove that, although true, they are largely meaningless! The student may, however, relieve his confusion and find an explanation of the paradox if he will give a bit of study to the origins, background, and social theories of these intellectual gymnasts and masters of mental legerdemain.

Some overlook the obvious fact that heritage is not synonymous with immediate antecedents. A given type of ancestry does not always insure like type in individual offspring; nor does a different lineage inevitably bequeath its general characteristics in all instances—without regard to the passing influence of environment in either case. The simple principles of biology governing the transmission of characteristics make the reasons clear.

In recognition of these truths, despite an individual's social theories, and regardless of his professed theological beliefs, he will, if a farmer, pay great attention to the variety of potatoes he plants and to the quality of his seed; and, in the breeding of his livestock, the first consideration is pedigree. He knows that no matter how many generations his herd of pure-bred Herefords may run in the same pasture with pure-bred Jerseys, one breed will continue to produce the heavier beef and the other, the richer milk, and that countless centuries of a common environment will not make them alike. Very well, pedigree is a synonym for genealogy; genealogy is inseparable from tradition, and upon the perpetuation of our race and the maintenance of our traditions depends the continued existence of our country as we have known it. That is the grave and sacred responsibility of our descendants.

This simple record of a typical, self-reliant, independent, freedom-loving family of pioneer stock spans a period of over three hundred years of American history. During one-half of that period we were British colonists. Our ancestors came here seeking freedom. They found it; they worked for it; suffered for it; fought for it. Year by year and step by step, they, as colonists, evolved the pattern and developed the framework for the greater, more independent freedom of the individual. Every man was freely privileged to work harder, better, and longer hours than his neighbor; to practice thrift and self-denial to better provide for his old age and his family's future, and to freely sell his labor and enjoy its fruits. He was, likewise, privileged to be lazy, shiftless, irresponsible, improvident and a spendthrift, and to enjoy the fun, pleasure, and results to be attained on his chosen path.

The selfless sharing by our colonial forebears of their scanty means to aid the victims of misfortune is an American epic. It set the pattern of American philanthropy which in later days built the universities, hospitals, research laboratories, and countless benefactions we have known. That unregimented philanthropy supported them through all the generations until power-loving demagogues deprived the givers of the power to give and of the incentive to adventure and strive—all a part and parcel of a sinister aim to make the needy dependent upon the favor of politicians, whether worthy or merely super-gangsters, and to enforce, through their need and suffering, their continued support of the political clique which could help them or starve them. Such is the Dead Sea fruit of collectivism. Collectivism cannot exist and function apart from bureaucracy, and bureaucracy is death to freedom. It is unimportant whether the bureaucracy be termed nazism, communism, socialism, or facism. One group may bathe more often than the other, but each and all emit the same unmistakable odor of decadence, defeat, and death.

In colonial America our ancestors enjoyed more individual freedom under

British rule than we have known during the ten years we have been under the domination of the socialistic bureaucracy now in power. When a king of German blood on an English throne sought to curtail their freedom, even slightly, they fought for independence (with the good wishes of a large part of the British people and parliament) and won it. That is a part of the American tradition which must be preserved. To the descendants of those founding fathers, this nation is something more than an economic entity—just a place in which to get a living. It is home. The story of its building, the tales of hardship, struggle, fighting, bloodshed, and sacrifice which halo its structure have been handed down from father to son. It is home. It has been home for over three centuries. A home without tradition is like a home without love—devoid of loyalty, unity, pride, and true happiness.

That we have a home with tradition and attendant blessings is due to those who, for the most part, abandoned smug security and dared, with their families and their all, to throw dice with death through stormy seas in frail and primitive craft and on strange and hostile shores; not to snatch with envious hands a ready-made prosperity shaped by generations of bent-backed, horny-handed, and battle-scarred forerunners, but for an ideal—Freedom!

Yes, freedom to shape their own lives and the lives of their children; freedom of worship and freedom of speech. They did not expect freedom from fear nor freedom from want. They were ready and willing to fight both spectres. Those who dare, know fear intimately. They dare because they have what it takes to overcome fear. Those who never dare may, in theory, be free from fear: actually, they are its slaves.

Certainly the early colonists did not expect to dodge want. They simply trusted in God and in their own strength, courage, and labor to conquer it. They did not ask or expect others to do it for them. They dared; they gambled their all for an ideal. They truly exemplified the spirit of the verse of William Herbert Carruth:

IT IS GLORY ENOUGH

It is glory enough to have shouted the name
Of the living God in the teeth of an army of foes;
To have thrown all prudence and forethought away
And for once to have followed the call of the soul
Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin and death.
To have counseled with right, not success, for once,
Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day
To have marched out alone before the seats of the scornful,
Their fingers all pointing your way;
To have felt and wholly forgotten the branding-iron of their eyes;
To have stood up proud and reliant on only your soul
And go calmly on with your duty—
It is glory enough.

It is glory enough to have taken the perilous risk;
Instead of investing in stocks and paid-up insurance for one,
To have fitted a cruiser for right to adventure a sea full of shoals;
To sail without chart and with only the stars for a guide;
To have dared to lose with all the chances for losing
Is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right;
To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgetting your base of supplies.
And while the worldly wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,
And though far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak—
To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.

* * * * *

May God grant that we and our descendants shall deserve and preserve the heritage
and tradition that He has given us.

PERCY HOBART TITUS.

Weston, Massachusetts
October 10, 1943

PREFACE

THE name Hobart, according to some authorities was originally written Hubert and was derived from the Saxon words "hiewe," meaning color, beauty, or form, and "beart," signifying bright. They offer no explanation as to how these words evolved into a surname, but a reasonable hypothesis is that they were first used as a descriptive phrase or nickname; possibly applied to a man with bright red hair. Many English family names come within the same class. In this manner the son of John, the Brown Haired, became Edward Brown, and the children of William, the Hardy, acquired the surname of Hardy.

Other philologists maintain that Hobart, Hubert, and Hubbard are forms of the same name which may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Hygebeorht," or from the Norman-French "Houbart."

True surnames, in the sense of hereditary designations, date in England from about the year 1000. Largely, they were introduced from Normandy, although there are records of Saxon surnames prior to the Norman conquest.

The Hobart family, of English origin, is one of long standing. The name appears in records as far back as 1260, when John Hobart owned lands at De la Tye, in Norfolk County. His descendant and heir, John Hobart, an English lawyer of prominence, was made Knight of the Sword in 1504 by Henry VII when Henry VIII was created Prince of Wales. From this Hobart many titled families in England trace their lineage. Hobart is the family name of the Earls of Buckinghamshire.

Edmund Hobart, the first representative of the family in America, was born in Hingham, Norfolk County, England, in 1574. He was a deeply religious man who emigrated to America to escape persecution and to find freedom. He arrived, with part of his large family, at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in the middle of May, 1633.

The Rev. Peter Hobart, a graduate of Magdalene College, Cambridge, joined his parents and brothers on June 8, 1635. In that year, the reunited families moved to Bare Cove and founded the now historic town of Hingham, Massachusetts, named after their old home town in England.

Edmund was a leader in the town's affairs and represented Hingham in the General Court, but his doughty son, the Rev. Peter, became the active head of the clan. He founded the Hingham Congregational Church and was its pastor for forty-four years. He was an independent thinker, a man of strong convictions, and always ready to fight to uphold them. Early history records his many clashes with the Colonial magistrates over ecclesiastical differences, and his open and persistent defiance of the Governor and Council.

The Reverend Peter had eighteen children. Five of his sons graduated from Harvard, and four of them became clergymen. From this family has descended many generations of preachers and teachers; pioneers and soldiers; lawyers and physicians; hardworking farmers and plain men of business. Some have attained distinction, others have not; but through all generations they have been four-square Americans—in the true American tradition.

John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York state, born in 1775, whose monument is Hobart College at Geneva, New York, was one of Peter's descendants, and John Sloss Hobart, United States senator from New York (1798), was another. The most distinguished of the line, Garret A. Hobart, Vice President of the United States (March 4, 1897–November 21, 1899), was the son of Addison W. Hobart, who was

born and reared in Columbia Valley, Columbia, New Hampshire. Addison was the son of Major Roswell Hobart and grandson of Captain Abel Hobart, both of Columbia Valley.

The Reverend Gershom, the third of this direct line in America, and Peter's eleventh child, graduated from Harvard in 1667, and became pastor of the Congregational church at Groton, Massachusetts, in 1678. His predecessor at Groton was the later distinguished Reverend Samuel Willard, who became pastor of Boston's famed Old South Church, Vice President of Harvard, and author of "A Compleat Body of Divinity"—treasured to this day by devout and orthodox Congregationalists. He was also the great-great-grandfather of Reverend John Willard, who settled in Lunenburg, Vermont, in 1802, and, the same year, organized the Monadnock Congregational Church in Colebrook, New Hampshire. Abel and Betsy Hobart and William and Thankful Wallis were among the ten original members. In the same period, and prior to that time, the Reverend Joseph Willard, brother of the Reverend John, was pastor of the church at Lancaster, New Hampshire.

Groton was virtually wiped out in King Phillip's War. It was attacked by the Indians on March 2, 1676. Sporadic fighting continued until March 13th, when the last surviving inhabitants evacuated the town and fought their way to safety. The Indians then burned most of the remaining buildings. Many of those who escaped sought refuge in Concord, Massachusetts, where they remained until the end of the war. In 1678 they returned to Groton. The Reverend Gershom Hobart either accompanied them or soon joined them as their pastor. The earliest known town record inscribed after the resettlement was written by him regarding a town meeting held in June, 1678.

Groton suffered another raid by Indians in King William's War. The attack came on June 27, 1694. History records that the Reverend Gershom Hobart and most of his family made a "miraculous escape," but two of his children were captured, and one of them later killed. The other, Gershom, Jr., was held captive by the tribal chief. He was well treated by the chief and his wife and was eventually ransomed.

Groton survived through Queen Anne's War and Lovewell's War. From the outbreak of King William's War until "Lovewell's Fight," which brought peace and security, was a period of thirty-seven years: twenty-three of warfare and danger, and fourteen of uncertain peace.

The Reverend Gershom's children, and many of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, were born in Groton: among them were three generations of the line to which this record pertains; namely, Shebuel (IV), Shebuel, Jr. (V), and William (VI). Others spread to nearby towns.

The history of the Hobarts in New Hampshire begins in the town of Hollis, just across the Massachusetts line from Groton. Hollis, New Hampshire, was first settled by Captain Peter Powers, the celebrated pioneer and explorer. He was also the progenitor of a distinguished line of clergymen, statesmen, and jurists, including the late Chief Justice George M. Powers of Vermont's Supreme Court. He made the first clearing and built the first house in Hollis in 1730, and the following January took his wife and two infant children through the unbroken wilderness to the new home.

Just when the Hobarts first located in Hollis is not clear, but Josiah Hobart's name appears on a petition by residents of West Dunstable in June, 1744. Much of what was originally a part of Groton was set off to make up the town of Dunstable, chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts October 16, 1673. When the long boundary dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire was settled by decision of the King and Council in New Hampshire's favor in 1740, Dunstable West Parish, which later formed most of the township of Hollis, a part of Old Dunstable,

and a northerly slice of Groton, now a part of Hollis, became, to the surprize of their inhabitants, a part of New Hampshire. Hollis was incorporated April 3, 1746.

Documents found in the office of the Secretary of State at Concord, New Hampshire, show that "Before, and at the time of these acts of incorporation into towns, there was a settlement of very worthy people, consisting of about fifteen families, near the east side of West Dunstable and east of the new town line, known as 'One Pine Hill.' . . . In this settlement, among other worthy citizens, were . . . the brothers, David and Samuel Hobart; the first distinguished for his gallantry as the colonel of a New Hampshire regiment at the battle of Bennington, and the latter, as the first registrar of deeds of the county of Hillsborough and a member of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety."

The oldest of the documents above referred to as found at Concord is a petition to the Governor and Council in the spring of 1756, signed by fifteen of the settlers on the west side of Dunstable and the selectmen of Hollis, asking to have the "One Pine Hill" section annexed to Hollis. Among the signers were Gershom Hobart, Jr., Jonathan Hobart, David Hobart, and Samuel Hobart.

After a long series of disputes, a second petition was presented to the General Court in 1763 by Colonel Samuel Hobart as attorney for the settlers of One Pine Hill, and it was granted. Hollis records show that the controversy began in 1746 and lasted seventeen years.

Shebuel Hobart, Jr., and his family lived in Hollis prior to 1754, but the exact date of their arrival is not certain.

For thirteen of the nineteen years beginning with 1744 and ending in 1763, the men of Hollis fought through the savage and bloody French and Indian Wars in defense of their lives and firesides. The Hobarts served with distinction in practically every campaign.

The census of 1767 showed the total population of Hollis as 809. The census of September, 1775, enumerated a total of 1,255 souls. Prior to the taking of that census, Hollis had lost eleven of her soldiers in the Revolution, of whom nine had been killed in battle and two had died of disease. The tax lists of Hollis of January 1, 1775, contained 239 names. One hundred and thirty of those taxpayers fought in the Revolution. Hollis furnished a total of more than 300 soldiers—a number but little less than one-fourth of its whole population. Eight of them were Hobarts. These do not include the Hobarts from Hollis who had gone north to establish the new Plymouth colony a few years before, and who served with the troops from that section. Among the latter were Colonel David Hobart, hero of the battle of Bennington, and William (VI). Three of William's brothers, Jonas, Solomon, and Isaac, were in the battle of Bunker Hill, where Isaac, nineteen years old, was killed by a British bayonet.

Plymouth, New Hampshire, is the next landmark on the northward trail of the Hobart pioneers. Men of Hollis, impressed by what they had seen of that beautiful region during their expeditions against the French and Indians, and by the reports of the explorations of Captain Peter Powers, obtained a charter for the town of Plymouth from Governor Benning Wentworth, dated July 16, 1763.

According to the Reverend Grant Powers' *History of the Coös Country*, published in 1841, the first two families to settle there were those of Captain James Hobart and Lieutenant Zachariah Parker. They came there from Hollis in June, 1764. "Hobart married Hannah Cummings of Hollis, sister of the Reverend Dr. Cummings of Billerica, Massachusetts, and Parker married Betsy Brown of Hollis, niece of Benjamin Farley, Esq., late of Hollis."

The first male child born in Plymouth was Josiah Hobart. Joseph Hobart was the first settler of Hebron. Colonel David Hobart, one of the original grantees, soon

came to Plymouth, and William Hobart (VI) made his pitch just north of Plymouth in what is now the town of Campton.

Captain Abel Hobart (VII), William's first born, a few months after his sixteenth birthday, pushed north over the ice on the Connecticut River, as is related in the text, and settled in Columbia, where have lived four generations of his descendants. None of the name now remain there, but the grand old pioneer's progeny have multiplied and spread widely over the states of our beloved nation, which he and his ancestors helped to build.

HOBART FAMILY IN AMERICA
TWELVE GENERATIONS

Hobart Family in America

Ten Generations of the Direct Line from Edmund Hobart (I) to Hattie Eliza Hobart Titus (X) and Extending Two Generations Beyond to Her Son, Percy Hobart Titus (XI), and His Children, Dorothy Madalene Titus and Bursley Howland Titus (XII)

(Direct Line of Descent is indicated by name of ancestor printed in CAPITALS, preceded by an asterisk.)

I

***EDMUND HOBART:** Born in Hingham, England, 1574. Married, first, Margaret Dewey, September 1, 1600, at Hingham, England. She was the mother of all of his children. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, says of him and his wife, "They were eminent for piety, and feared God above many. There were but three or four in the whole town (Hingham, England) that minded serious religion, and these were sufficiently maligned by the irreligious for their Puritanism." To escape the restrictions and persecutions of the Established Church, Mr. Hobart, in his sixtieth year, decided to face the perils of the sea and the hardship and dangers of the New World to find freedom.

Accordingly, with his wife, three of his children, Rebecca, Sarah, and Joshua, and their man servant, Henry Gibbs, he embarked in March, 1633, and landed at Charlestown, Massachusetts, May 3, 1633. It is believed that he was the first man bearing the name of Hobart that came to America, and that he is the ancestor of all of that name now in this country except for the descendants of seven brothers who had their names changed from Hoar to Hobart by an act of the New York legislature in April, 1831. Their names were: Samuel, Gideon, Joseph, Chester, Asa, Martin, and Alpheres. They were born in Brimfield, Massachusetts, and their family is said to have been related to the late great United States senator, George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts. (Note: Rev. L. Smith Hobart refers to this in his

book on William Hobart, but these details were furnished the editor by Mr. Frank G. Hobart of Beloit, Wisconsin, a grandson of Martin, in 1942.)

Edmund became a member of the Congregational Church in Charlestown August 19, 1633, and thus became qualified, under the then existing law, to take the freeman's oath, to vote, to hold office, and to enjoy full municipal rights. He took the freeman's oath, March 4, 1634, and soon after was appointed by the General Court as a constable of Charlestown.

In 1633, a short time after Edmund's arrival, he was joined by two more of his sons and their families—Edmund, Jr., and his wife, and Thomas and his wife and three children. On June 8, 1635, his son, the Rev. Peter, with wife and four children also arrived. In September of that year, Edmund and his sons, with their families and other friends, removed to Bare Cove, a few miles south of Boston, and named the new settlement Hingham after the ancient community in "Merrie England," in Norfolk County, the county of so many generations of their ancestors. Thus was founded the now historic Massachusetts town where, after more than three hundred years, descendants of Edmund are still living, and where the name of Hobart is synonymous with Hingham history.

Edmund was appointed by the General Court to various offices of trust and responsibility in 1637, 1638, 1639, and 1641. He was chosen representative of his town to the General Court in 1639, 1640, 1641, and 1642.

His wife, Margaret Dewey, died at Hingham. The date of her death is uncertain. He then married Ann, the widow of the Rev. John Lyford. The date of this marriage does not appear among available surviving records. Edmund died at Hingham, March 8, 1646, and his second wife, Ann, died June 23, 1649.

II

CHILDREN OF EDMUND HOBART I

NAZERETH: Born England, 1601; married John Beale. Came to New England, 1638. Died in Hingham, 1658.

EDMUND: Born in England in 1603. He there married Elizabeth ———. Her father's name is unknown. They came to Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1633, probably two or three months later than his father. They were both admitted to the Church there August 27th of the same year. He took the freeman's oath September 3, 1634, and removed to Hingham in 1635. His wife, Elizabeth, died there November 4, 1675, and he died February 16, 1685, at the age of 82. Their children were as follows:

ELIZABETH: baptized, Charlestown, July 19, 1635. (In many instances the birth dates of children are not found, but the date of their baptism, which took place from two days to two weeks after birth, and was entered in the church records, has been preserved.) Married John Tucker, Boston, March 12, 1658.

SARAH: baptized March 29, 1640; married Return Manning December 9, 1664.

JOHN: baptized March 10, 1642; married Hannah Burr, April —, 1674.

SAMUEL: baptized April 13, 1645; married Hannah Gold, February 25, 1673.

MARTHA: baptized June 6, 1647; married Joseph Bassett at Hingham, October 16, 1677.

DANIEL: born March 2, 1650; married Elizabeth Warren of Boston, October —, 1677.

***REVEREND PETER HOBART:** Born in the small town of Hingham, England, in 1604. In his boyhood, he walked several miles daily to and from a grammar school; then he attended a free school in Lynn, and from this he entered Magdalen College, University of Cambridge. He graduated in 1626, and soon after was teaching a grammar school. He lodged at the house of a clergyman of the Established Church, who, though not friendly to his Puritan ideas, sometimes engaged young Hobart to preach for him. In 1627 he was ordained a Minister of the Gospel by the Right Reverend Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Joseph Hall.

In the same year he married, but the exact date and the name of his wife are unknown.

For the ensuing eight years he preached in several towns, among others, in Haverhill in Suffolk County. But he identified himself with the Puritans which aroused the hostility of the prelacy, so he determined to join his father and brothers in America. He embarked, with his wife and four children, in April, and after a hard voyage, arrived safely June 8, 1635. He received a cordial welcome from kindred and friends. A writer, speaking of his arrival, says, "Among those who came to build up the cause of a better Christianity, was Peter Hobart—that distinguished friend of liberty. On his arrival here, he was but little over thirty years of age, in the full vigor of manhood, possessed of great activity of mind, and distinguished for independence of character. As a scholar he was eminent for intellectual acumen, indefatigable industry, and various acquirements."

In a poem read at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Hingham in America, the following lines occur:

*"Swell high the strain of
grateful song
A few short years have
sped their flight,
A HOBART joins the exile
throng,
Stern patron of the people's
right."*

Peter united with the church in Charlestown August 30, 1635, and his family remained there for a time. One of his sons, Ichabod, was born there October 3rd.

The Reverend Peter's activities after moving to Hingham, his qualities of leadership, the devotion of his followers, his unbreakable courage, his repeated clashes with and defiance of the magistrates and of the Governor and Council are all a part of Colonial history, recorded in many publications and too lengthy to recite in a chronology of this type.

Peter's first wife (according to the pamphlet on Schenk Family by Mrs. Marietta Roome of Freehold, New Jersey) died in December, 1645. He married, as his second wife, Rebecca Ibrook, on February 3, 1646. She died September 9, 1693.

The records of Peter's eighteen children are given in generation III.

JOHN: Twin of Peter. No further record of him. Probably died young.

THOMAS: Born in England in 1606. He married there Jane ———, paternal name unknown. They and their three children came from Wymondham, Norfolk County, England, in 1633. They arrived at Charlestown probably two or three months later than his father. He was admitted as a freeman in Charlestown, May 14, 1634, and removed to Hingham in 1635. He died there at the age of 69. His widow, Jane, died there, aged 85 years. Their children were:

CALEB: born in England. (There is no record of the other two children who were born in England.) Caleb, on January 20,

1657, married Elizabeth Church, who died February 3, 1659. He married, second, Mary Elliot of Braintree. She died July 22, 1675. He married, third, Elizabeth, widow of Richard Faxon, January 15, 1676. She died August 9, 1704, aged 71. He died September 4, 1711, aged 89.

JOSHUA: born February 24, 1639; died at Braintree December 28, 1713.

THOMAS, JR.: born October 28, 1649.

ISAAC: born April 25, 1653.

HANNAH: born January 17, 1668. One record says she married Jonathan Haywood, Jr., of Brewster, and cites Brewster, Massachusetts, records, p. 648, while another writer states she married John Record, of Weymouth, July 16, 1677.

MOSES: born December 2, 1656; died at Boston, October 28, 1686.

AARON: seventh child of Thomas, born June 20, 1661; was drowned at sea March, 1705.

NATHANIEL: born May 25, 1665; married Mary Stowell, May 31, 1695.

MARY: Born in England, probably 1608. It is not clear that she came to America.

MEHETABEL: Born in England, probably 1610.

ELIZABETH: Born in England, 1612. Mehetable and Elizabeth came to America in 1633, probably with their brother, Thomas, or brother, Edmund, Jr. There is no further record of them.

JOSHUA: Born in Hingham, England, in 1614. He came over with his father in 1633. He and his sister, Rebecca, were admitted to the Charlestown Church August 27th of that year. He was admitted a freeman September 3, 1634. In 1635 he went to Hingham to reside with the Reverend Peter. He married Ellen Ibrook, of Cambridge, March 14, 1638. He was Captain of an artillery company in 1641; was chosen the Representative from Hingham to the General Court in

1643; and was re-elected annually for twenty-five years following; was chosen speaker of the House in 1674; and was a Captain in active service through King Phillip's War. He died July 28, 1682, at the age of 68. The children of Joshua and Ellen were:

HANNAH: born September 29, 1639; married Joseph Grafton October 30, 1657.

PETER: born July 3, 1642; married Susanna, daughter of Jacob Elliot of Boston, December —, 1662; he died, a mariner, at Barbadoes, in 1665.

SARAH: born November 19, 1644; married Edward Cowell, June 26, 1668; he died—date unknown; she married, second, a Mr. Cleverly, date unknown; she died February 24, 1696.

DEBORAH: baptized September 12, 1647; married Joshua Lincoln April 20, 1666.

JOSHUA: born March 22, 1650.

SOLOMON: born May 28, 1652.

ENOCH: born May 28, 1654; married Hannah Harris at Hingham, August 7, 1676.

ANOTHER HANNAH: born October 4, 1666.

REBECCA:

SARAH:

(Note: There is but little known of these two daughters. They came to America with their father in 1633. Rebecca united with the church in Charlestown August 27th of the same year. The dates of their births are unknown, there is no recorded mention of their ages, and no other information is possessed in regard to them. Some chroniclers, who do not mention Nazareth, list them as the first and second of Edmund's children, which is not only without any substantiating evidence or record, but quite contrary to reasonable supposition. It is possible, but wholly improbable, that they might have been twins born in 1602, but the fact that Edmund and his wife took with them to

America their youngest son, Joshua, makes it entirely reasonable to expect that they brought with them also their two younger daughters. Therefore, all the known factors would indicate that Rebecca and Sarah were the last two children to be born to Edmund and Margaret Hobart.)

III

CHILDREN OF PETER HOBART II

JOSHUA: Born in Hingham, England, July —, 1628; graduated at Harvard College in 1650; preached for a time at Bass River—now Beverly, Massachusetts—in 1651; was admitted a freeman in Hingham, May 18, 1653. He sailed to Barbadoes in July, 1655. There he married Margaret, daughter of William Vassel, April 16, 1656. They sailed for London, arriving there on the fifth day of the following July. They returned to New England September 5, 1659, and Margaret died four days later. President Stiles, of Yale, says there were three children by this marriage, but their names and histories are unknown.

Joshua married his second wife, Mary, daughter of John Sunderland and widow of Jonathan Rainsford, January 16, 1672. He was ordained pastor of the church at Southold, Long Island, October 7, 1674. For the first four years his salary was eighty pounds annually. It was then increased to 100 pounds and so remained. His wife died in Southold April 19, 1698. He died there February 28, 1717, aged 88 years. The town erected a monument over his grave, paying high tribute to his memory.

Joshua and his second wife had the following children:

TWINS: born October, 1672; of these one died soon. The name of the other was ALETHEIA.

IRENE: born at Boston, April, 1674.

PETER: born at Southold, February 28, 1676.

JOHN: born at Southold in 1677.



CAPTAIN ABEL HOBART
1769-1858



BETSY (WALLIS) HOBART
1770-1863

Seventh Generation

The original portraits were made by one of the early processes; probably they were calotypes. Both were taken in 1858.

There is no official record of other children, but Benjamin Wadworth (later president of Harvard) went to Albany, New York, with the commissioners of Massachusetts and Connecticut to treat with the Indians of the Six Nations, and mentions, under date of August 19, 1694, the preaching of a sermon by "Mr. Joshua Hobart, who came to Albany to see his son who was a Lieutenant there." Joshua's son, John, went south in 1707. On his return, he married and settled in Kensington, Pennsylvania, now a suburb of Philadelphia, in 1716; and in 1733 he was living in New London, Connecticut. Of his children, a son, Enoch, born in 1726, became a very successful sea captain, engaged in the West Indies trade. He married in 1763, Hannah Pratt of Philadelphia, where he died October 27, 1776. Their children were Robert, Enoch, Rebecca, and John Henry. The latter, born in Philadelphia, September 14, 1775, became Bishop of New York.

JEREMIAH: Born, Hingham, England, April 6, 1630; graduated from Harvard, 1650. He preached at various places, including Wells, Maine, and Topsfield, Massachusetts, and was ordained pastor at Topsfield October 2, 1672.

April 6, 1659, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend Samuel Whiting and his wife, Elizabeth St. John of Lynn, Massachusetts. Jeremiah's wife, Elizabeth, was, through her mother's family, according to the Reverend L. Smith Hobart in his *Life of William Hobart* (see p. 32), related to many of the English and Scottish nobility and descended from William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, and Charlemagne. L. Smith Hobart covers this unimportant but interesting subject in considerable detail.

Jeremiah was pastor at Hempstead, Long Island, and later at Haddam, Connecticut, where he died in church November 6, 1715. His wife died at Hartford, Connecticut, a few years later at the age of 88 years.

The children of Jeremiah were:

JEREMIAH: born at Topsfield, December 16, 1672.

ELIZABETH: born at Topsfield, February 8, 1674/5.

MARGARET: born at Topsfield, January 16, 1677.

DOROTHY: born at Topsfield, August 21, 1679.

JOSIAH: Born at Hingham, England, in 1632; married Mary ———. They had a daughter, Bethia, born October —, 1672, probably in Hingham, Massachusetts. They moved to East Hampton, Long Island, April 10, 1677. He was High Sheriff there in 1686. Records refer to him as Captain Josiah Hobart. He died at East Hampton in February, 1711.

ELIZABETH: Born 1633; died March 26, 1692. Married John Ripley, who died February 3, 1684.

ICHABOD: Born, Charlestown, Massachusetts, October 3, 1635; died, Hingham, Massachusetts, July, 1636.

HANNAH: Born, Hingham, Massachusetts, April 30, 1637; died May 19th of the same year.

HANNAH: Born, Hingham, Massachusetts, May 5, 1638; married John Brown of Salem.

BATHSHEBA: Born, Hingham, September 28, 1640; married John Leavitt June 27, 1764. He died, and she married, second, Joseph Turner of Scituate.

ISRAEL: Born, Hingham, June 29, 1642. He married, December 30, 1668, Sarah, daughter of the Reverend William Wetherill. They lived in Hingham until his house was burned by the Indians April 19, 1676, and then removed to Scituate. He died April 4, 1731.

The children of Israel and Sarah were:

SARAH: born May 30, 1670.

NATHANIEL:

REBECCA:

Twins, NATHAN AND ABIGAIL: born 1678, and died soon.

JAEL: born 1680.

ISRAEL: born 1682.

ABIGAIL, again: born 1683.

ISRAEL, again: born 1686.

JAEL: Born December 28, 1643, at Hingham. She married Joseph Bradford May 25, 1664. She died April 18, 1730.

***REVEREND GERSHOM HOBART:** Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, near the beginning of December, 1645. He graduated from Harvard College in 1667, and resided for several years in Hingham, where he took the freeman's oath in 1673. He married Sarah, the daughter of Deacon John Aldis, of Dedham, April 26, 1675. Sarah was born June 9, 1652. Her mother was also named Sarah, the daughter of Phillip Eliot of Roxbury. Gershom was the second minister at New London, Connecticut.

Groton, Massachusetts, had been burned by the Indians March 13, 1676. When the town was resettled in the spring of 1678, Gershom Hobart was engaged as their minister. At the town meeting held June 29th, they granted him land in four different localities, about 300 acres in all; also a house and lot where he then lived; also, out of the common, an equal privilege of wood, timber, and commonage with the other inhabitants—"all to be his, and his forever, on the condition that he accept the call, and come and settle among us, to be the town's minister and the church's officer." He accepted and was ordained pastor November 26, 1679.

His salary was determined annually by a vote of the town. He did not always agree with the town's appraisal of the value of his services. He parted company with the church on two occasions, but was called back and his terms accepted. Butler's *History of Groton*, pp. 158-165, gives an amusing

account of the debates about Mr. Hobart's salary which occurred between 1686 and 1690.

He appears to have continued his ministry in Groton until January, 1705, when he resigned because of ill health. He died in Groton December 19, 1707. His wife, Sarah, died April 14, 1712. The records of Gershom's children are given in generation IV.

JAPHET: Born 1647. Graduated from Harvard 1667. Was a surgeon. Hingham history says Japhet went to England as surgeon and expected to return. Probably lost at sea.

NEHEMIAH: Born 1648; died 1712. Graduated from Harvard 1667. Ordained Newton, Massachusetts. Pastor there forty years. He married Sarah, daughter of Edward Jackson. Had six daughters, but no son. (See *William Hobart*, p. 44. See Monument.) Chosen a Fellow of Harvard College 1681.

DAVID: Born, Hingham, August 7, 1651. He took the freeman's oath in 1681; married Joanna, daughter of Edmund Quincy, June —, 1680; was representative to the General Court from Hingham in 1692 and in 1694. He continued the Journal of his father, the Reverend Peter Hobart.

The children of David and Joanna were:

JUDITH: born June 21, 1681.

PETER: born September 24, 1684, and died December 7, 1684.

ABIEL: born November 20, 1685.

JAEL: born June 20, 1688; married Jeremiah Leavitt September 10, 1712.

DEBORAH: born June 10, 1690.

REBECCA: born January 7, 1693; married Jaazamiah Nichols December 30, 1714.

David's wife, Joanna, died May 18, 1695, at the age of 41. He married, at Boston, his second wife, Sarah Joyce December 4, 1695. Their children were:

NEHEMIAH: born April 27, 1697; graduated from Harvard in 1714; ordained pastor at Cohasset December 13, 1721.

JOSEPH: born April 11, 1699, and died August 21, 1706.

Twins, DAVID and SARAH: born March 14, 1702.

LYDIA: born January 9, 1704.

NOAH: born January 2, 1705.

David, the father of these children, died in Hingham August 21, 1717, and his wife, Sarah, died in Hingham October 14, 1729. Their son, Noah, graduated from Harvard in 1724, and was ordained pastor of the church at Fairfield, Connecticut, February 7, 1733, where, on September 22, 1735, he married Ellen Sloss of Plymouth, Massachusetts. This Reverend Noah, the youngest son of David, had a highly distinguished career. Among many honors, he was, in 1752, made a member of the corporation of Yale College, and so remained until his death. He was married three times. John Sloss Hobart, a son by his first wife, who was born in Fairfield, Connecticut, in 1738, and graduated from Yale in 1757, became one of the leading and most highly respected jurists in the country, and in 1798 was chosen United States senator from New York. He left no descendant.

REBECCA: Born in Hingham; baptized April 9, 1654. She married Daniel Mason, of Stonington, Connecticut, October 10, 1679. She died April 8, 1727. They had seven children.

ABIGAIL: Born in Hingham, October 19, 1656. She died, unmarried, April 12, 1683.

LYDIA: Born in Hingham, January 17, 1659. She married Thomas Lincoln, as his second wife, November 13, 1690. She died October 18, 1732.

HEZEKIAH: Born in Hingham in 1661; died 1662.

IV

CHILDREN OF GERSHOM HOBART III

GERSHOM, JR.: Married Lydia Nutting February 26, 1713/4. Their children were¹:

RUTH: born November 8, 1714.

GERSHOM: born July 13, 1717.

JOSIAH: born July 18, 1719.

JEREMIAH: born February 5, 1722.

JONATHAN: born March 10, 1724/5.

LYDIA: born November 12, 1729.

JOHN: born March 30, 1731.

*SHEBUEL HOBART: Born September 16, 1682; died September 30, 1764 at Groton, Massachusetts. He married Martha Prescott (born 1690; died 1774), in 1714. (See children generation V.)

DOROTHY: Born June 10, 1686.

NEHEMIAH: Born 1687.

PETER: Born ———; died ———. Married Sarah ———. Their children were:

SARAH: born March 4, 1717/8.

PETER: born August 7, 1720.

DAVID: born August 21, 1722.

SAMUEL: born August 11, 1734.

JAMES: born January 16, 1738/9.

JEMIMA: born July 4, 1741.

JOANNA: Born December 30, 1696.

Two other daughters.

(Note: Because of missing dates, the children of Gershom may not be listed in correct chronological sequence.)

V

CHILDREN OF SHEBUEL HOBART IV

*SHEBUEL HOBART, JR.: Born at Groton, Massachusetts, September 29, 1715. Lived in Hollis, New Hampshire. He moved to Westford, Vermont, with his son, Solomon, and the latter's family in October, 1804. Died in Westford, Vermont, September 30, 1805. Married, 1st., Esther Parker (born 1722; died

¹From *History of the Town of Groton*, by Caleb Butler.

November 20, 1789), daughter of Phineas and Abigail (Scripter) Parker, on June 7, 1739. Married, 2nd., Prudence (Lawrence) Parker, widow of Peter Parker, July 28, 1790. Prudence was born 1722; died 1803.

Shebuel, Jr., was buried in what is locally called Hampshire Corner in Westford, Vermont.

(*Note:* for much interesting material on Shebuel, Jr., and his family, see typescript on Shebuel Hobart, Jr., in possession of New Hampshire Historical Society. It contains memoranda found in his family bible which was handed down to Solomon, Jonas, Eli, and Irving T. Hobart, all of Westford, Vermont (P. O., Cambridge, Vermont), and other notes and correspondence by him. It also contains other material discovered by Alvah S. Hobart.)

NEHEMIAH: Born October 6, 1717 (1718)¹, at Groton, Massachusetts. Died at Townshend in 1749.

MARTHA: Born October 7, 1718.

MARY: Born August 16 (17)¹, 1720; died August, 1768.

ISRAEL: Born July 2, 1722. Lived in Groton and West Townshend, 1768. Member Provincial Congress 1775. Member of General Court from 1782 to 1789. He married Anna Lawrence July 7, 1748. Their children were:

ISRAEL: born May 21, 1749.

WILLIAM: born May 23, 1751.

ANNA: born February 13, 1753.

SUSANNA: born July 12, 1755.

BENJAMIN: born March 1, 1757.

PHEBE: born August 6, 1759; died November 2, 1759.

PHEBE: born November 19, 1760.

NEHEMIAH: born April 21, 1764; died December 3, 1764.

SAMUEL: born March 13, 1766; died December 26, 1769 at Townsend.

SUSANNA: born March 20, 1770 at Townsend.

EMMA: Born March 21 (25)¹, 1724.

RACHEL: Born May 23, (21)², 1725.

DEBORAH: Born May 13, 1727.

VI

CHILDREN OF SHEBUEL HOBART, JR. V

ESTHER: Born February 2, 1740.

*WILLIAM HOBART: Born in Groton, Massachusetts, June 16, 1742; died July 28, 1821. Married, 1st., Keziah Brown of Plymouth, New Hampshire, November 10, 1768. Keziah was born December 23, 1749. William was elected Surveyor of Highways in the first Town Meeting of Campton, New Hampshire, 1772. He married, 2nd., Sarah Taylor, September 19, 1776. William enlisted in the Army of the Revolution 1782. Served until 1784, (18 or 20 months) under Capt. Senter, Col. Dearborn's Regiment; also under Captains Ellis and Isaac Fry, Col. Reid—New Hampshire Line. The Army disbanded and he was discharged. Had a permit to "tarry until called for." Was not called again. (See New Hampshire Revolutionary Pension Records, Vol. 19, p. 38.)

William appears to have been born a confirmed pioneer whose love of forests, mountains, adventure, and elbow-room kept him on the move during most of his seventy-nine years. When he went north from Hollis, New Hampshire, with the Plymouth colony in 1766 or 1767, he did not settle with the others in the latter town, but made his pitch high up in the beautiful foothills of Campton. The war occupied him for a time, but after independence had been won, the fighting over, and Campton a settled community, he moved further north among the towering peaks of Thornton township in the wild heart of the White Mountains. Apparently even Thornton was too tame for him, and, although well along in middle age, he and his son, Benjamin, started over the long wilder-

¹Figures in parenthesis from family bible. Figures not in parenthesis from Groton Vital Records.

²From *History of the Town of Groton*, by Caleb Butler.



HORACE MILLS HOBART
1828-1908



LOVINA (STODDARD) HOBART
1831-1890

Ninth Generation

Photographs believed to have been taken about 1856

ness trails for Ohio, where they settled in Portage county. His daughter, Prudence either accompanied them or joined them soon after their arrival, and eventually they were joined by three other daughters. William lived at Sharon, Windham, and Southington. He died in Ohio. Revolutionary Pensions Records indicate that he died at Windham.

JONAS: Born November 4, 1744. Was at Bunker Hill and soldier in Revolution under Stark. Lived in Lyme, New Hampshire, Barre, Vermont, St. Albans, Vermont, and, when old, moved to Illinois where he died.

EDMUND: Born March 14, 1745. He went to Oswego (?), New York about 1798.

ABIGAIL: Born August 9, 1748; died Westford, Vermont, 1812.

MARTHA: Born December 16, 1749.

JAMES: Born February 26, 1753, at Hollis, New Hampshire.

MARY: Born December 9, 1755, at Hollis, New Hampshire.

ISAAC: Born February 15, 1757. Killed at Bunker Hill by British bayonet, June 17, 1775.

SOLOMON: Born July 21, 1760, at Hollis, New Hampshire. Was at battle of Bunker Hill when less than fifteen years old. Enlisted again May 7, 1777, served one month; again in October, 1777; two years under Col. Flower. Was in the Battle of Rhode Island. Married Abigail Brooks (born July 19, 1762) October 13, 1804. He went to Westford, Vermont, with his father, Shebuel, and an unmarried sister, Abigail, arriving October 27, 1804. His wife died February 22, 1812, in Westford. January 8, 1819, he married, 2nd., Nancy, widow of James Merchard. She died October 16, 1857. He died April 6, 1849. His home in Westford, Vermont, consisted of 400 acres in what is called Hampshire Corner.

Two other children.

VII

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM HOBART VI

***CAPTAIN ABEL HOBART:** Son of William and Keziah (Brown) Hobart. Born in Compton, New Hampshire, November 14, 1769; died in Columbia, New Hampshire, August 31, 1858. In 1786 Abel went to Columbia, New Hampshire, in mid-winter on the ice of the Connecticut River, equipped with an ax, a gun, and three shillings sixpence. He was one of the first settlers in the North Country. For the first two or three years, until he could buy and clear land, he lived with the Larned family, which consisted of the widow of Abel Larned, the first to settle north of Lancaster, and her two sons.

He made his pitch on what, in the 1890's, was known as the Samuel I. Bailey place, and was, at the time, the furthest north of any white man in New Hampshire. He married Betsey Wallis (Wallace)¹, daughter of William (born 1743 according to gravestone in Columbia Bridge Cemetery, but vital statistics of Holland, Massachusetts, show that he was born May 16, 1741; died 1812) and Thankful Wallis (born 1742; died 1826) on August 14, 1794. Betsey was born September 27, 1770; died November 18, 1863. Betsey Wallis and parents came from Holland, Massachusetts, about one year after Abel settled in Columbia. Abel owned one square mile of land, which he purchased on time payments.

Abel built a log house in 1794, the year of his marriage. In 1799 it was destroyed by fire, with all of its contents. Abel, his wife, and two children saved only their lives and the clothing they wore. He built a second house in which they lived until 1823.

For quite a period, Abel had to travel sixty miles through the forest on horseback, if in summer, or drag a hand-sled over the ice on the Connecticut River, if in winter, to market his produce, have

¹Betsey's descendants spell the name "Wallace."

his grain ground, or to purchase supplies. After a few years, the journey was cut to thirty miles; but any considerable amount of marketing or purchasing required a journey of weeks to Portland or to Portsmouth. Game was plentiful, and his rifle supplied fresh meat in abundance.

He became a carpenter and builder and left his sons to run the farm. In 1823, he built a two-story house which was quite pretentious for those days. Before it was destroyed by fire in the 1890's or early 1900's, it was notable for its colonial doorway. Later he moved a few miles north to Columbia Valley with his son, Harvey. He built and conducted a tavern which was the northern terminus of the stage line. The large, rambling, old Hobart Inn was later known as the Carlos D. Luey place (Mrs. Charlotte Luey was Harvey's daughter. See 8th and 9th generations.) The Inn was destroyed by fire around 1920. Abel dealt extensively in land, owned a grist mill, and, although for years he cast the only whig vote in town, he eventually held many public offices and was the town's leading citizen.

WILLIAM: Son of William and Keziah (Brown) Hobart. He went to New York state when quite young and was never heard from again. He presumably died soon after leaving home. (From Diana Hobart Buffington Notes.)

Children by his second wife, Sarah (Taylor):

PRUDENCE: Born probably at Camp-ton, New Hampshire. Lived later in Thornton, New Hampshire, and then went to Ohio. She married a man named Taylor and lived in Sharon, Ohio.

BENJAMIN: Born probably at Camp-ton, New Hampshire. Lived later in Thornton, New Hampshire. Went to Ohio where he lived in Salem, Newbury, and Southington. Benjamin last wrote his brother, Captain Abel, from Southington, Ohio, in 1852. In September of

that year Abel was informed of Benjamin's death.

SALLY: Married a man named Whitlock. Lived in Salem, Ohio.

BETSEY: She married a man named Jacobs. Lived in Cleveland, Ohio.

RACHEL: She was unmarried. Lived with Prudence Taylor in Sharon, Ohio.

PHOEBE: Married a man named Burnham, then one named Barrett. Lived in Franconia, New Hampshire.

(*Note:* Official records of the births of the children born after Abel and William were not found, but information from old letters makes it clear that the others were the children of Sarah. Much of the foregoing detail on William's children has been gathered from correspondence found among the papers of Mrs. Buffington, daughter of Harvey Hobart.)

VIII

CHILDREN OF ABEL HOBART VII

ROXA: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, September 19, 1795.

MAJOR ROSWELL: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, September 13, 1797; died August 23, 1878. Married Elvira B. born 1802; died March 18, 1848. Roswell was the father of Addison Hobart who was the father of Garrett A. Hobart, Vice President of the United States in McKinley's first term. Other sons were George, John, and James who went west, almost certainly, to Beloit, Wisconsin, to join their uncle, Horace, and the colony from Columbia¹. Then they, or some of their descendants, went to South Dakota. Other children were: Ellen J., drowned January 4, 1840, age 2 years, 3 months; Keziah B., died August 31, 1826, age 16 months; Sarah J., born 1827, died November 24, 1889. Sarah married Leman K. Trask (born 1825; died in Iowa September 5, 1858).

She was the mother of the late Elwin Trask of Columbia, and Colebrook, New Hampshire. Roswell married, second, Irena B. Hobart, widow of Harvey Hobart, January 6, 1857.

(*Note:* Prior to his second marriage, Roswell and his son, Addison, father of Vice President Hobart, lived in the historic house which was purchased by Albert P. Titus in 1866.)

WILLIAM: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, July 6, 1799; died September 26 (27), 1849. (Figure in parenthesis comes from family bible. Figure not in parenthesis comes from tombstone).

***HARVEY HOBART:** Born June 4, 1801 in Columbia, New Hampshire; died May 13, 1855. Married Irena Brown on November 19, 1823. She was born September 10, 1803; died February 23, 1888. Harvey was one of the founders and a member of the first board of trustees (1848) of Colebrook Academy. He ran a saw mill, a grist mill, a general store, and various enterprizes in Columbia, New Hampshire. His death was caused by a kicking horse.

HORACE: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, August 12, 1803. He was a founder of Beloit, Wisconsin, and of Beloit College. He was deacon of the Beloit Congregational Church. Died at Beloit, Wisconsin, November 8, 1860. (See Appendix.)

BETSEY: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, June 30, 1805.

PERSIS WALLIS: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, December 28, 1806. Married William Cone, Sr.

ANSON LOOMIS: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, November 12, 1809. He was a physician. (See note at end of generation VIII.)

¹From correspondence of Diana Hobart Buffington, of Columbia, New Hampshire (eldest daughter of Harvey Hobart), who also spent some years in the Beloit Colony from Colebrook and Columbia, according to records of the Beloit Congregational Church.

HARRIETT JEANETTE: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, April 14, 1812; died April 17, 1888. Married Lewis Snow, M.D.

ELIZA JANE: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire June 12, 1817; died June 5, 1848.

(*Note:* All ten of Abel's children lived to maturity, and apparently all were married, but there is no available record of the marriages of Roxa, Betsey, or Eliza Jane, and the names of their husbands are unknown. Two of them, and probably a third one, with their husbands, went to Beloit. Anson, in his later years, lived in Worcester, Massachusetts. A newspaper clipping (in a scrapbook found among the effects of Horace Mills Hobart IX), apparently from a Worcester, Massachusetts, paper, dated Worcester, October 4, 1871, relates at length of a large and elaborate surprize party given Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Hobart of Worcester on October 3, 1871, in celebration of their 20th wedding anniversary.—P.H.T.)

IX

CHILDREN OF HARVEY HOBART VIII

DIANA BROWN: Born October 16, 1824, in Columbia, New Hampshire; died February 3, 1903. On November 28, 1855, she married William Buffington. He was born 1819; died April 25, 1899. They had one daughter, Estella, born 1864; died November 24, 1880.

***HORACE MILLS HOBART:** Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, March 3, 1828; died July 21, 1908. He married Lovina D. Stoddard November 28, 1850. She was the daughter of Ora Stoddard (born July 26, 1791; died February 3, 1861) and Lucy Seymour (born July 11, 1796; died December 3, 1878) who were married April 18, 1816. Lovina was born April 26, 1831; died June 20, 1890. Horace was known as "The Squire" or "Mills". He represented Columbia, New Hampshire, in the State Legislature.

Held practically all town offices. He was moderator of town meetings for decades. He was a close friend of United States Senator William E. Chandler. Was reputed to have been a "power behind the scenes" of Republican politics in the North Country for many years.

LOIS MARION: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, August 29, 1830. Married William S. Rolfe, of Colebrook, August, 1848. Lived in Colebrook. Had one daughter, Martha, born April 20, 1861. Died April 23, 1861. Adopted a daughter named Bertha who married a man named Brooks.

ANSON HARVEY: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, August 19, 1833; died January 24, 1841.

CHARLOTTE ELOISA: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, March 25, 1839; died 1914. She married Carlos D. Luey (born 1836; died 1908). Their sons were Edgar H., born 1859; died 1878; and Clarence H., born 1870; died 1875. They had one daughter, May, born June 30, 1866; died May 12, 1939. Carlos was a cabinet-maker, carpenter, and sled builder. No grandchildren.

NELSON G.: Born at Columbia, New Hampshire, May 24, 1842; died January 27, 1895. Married, 1st., Sarah E.; born 1847; died September 22, 1879. Married, 2nd., Delia A. Young of St. Stephens, New Brunswick, born 1842; died in Seattle, Washington, 1926. He was a cabinet-maker and carpenter. No children.

OSCAR ABEL: Born December 11, 1847; died April 9, 1863.

X

CHILDREN OF HORACE M. HOBART IX

***HATTIE ELIZA HOBART:** Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, September 11, 1854; died in the West Roxbury District of Boston, Massachusetts, October

6, 1934. Married Ethan Albert Titus of Columbia, New Hampshire, on December 13, 1876. Ethan was born in Columbia, New Hampshire, July 5, 1854; died in the West Roxbury District of Boston, Massachusetts, February 20, 1916. Ethan was a lumberman. At one time he was operating simultaneously in three states and Canada. In his later years he confined his activities to estimating and dealing in timberland and standing timber in the northeastern states, Quebec, and Nova Scotia. His death was the indirect result of an automobile accident some years before. (See Titus Genealogical Records.) Hattie taught school before her marriage. Although delicate in health from childhood, Hattie survived many serious illnesses and lived past the age of eighty. She had an indomitable will. At the time of her death she was a member of the West Roxbury Women's Club. She loved all things in nature, particularly flowers and sunsets. She was an active person and kept abreast of the times. She had a zest for living which kept her young. Buried in Colebrook, New Hampshire, Cemetery.

HARVEY N.: Born in Columbia, New Hampshire, October 2, 1864; died October 31, 1867.

XI

CHILDREN OF

HATTIE (HOBART) TITUS X

***PERCY HOBART TITUS:** Born November 6, 1879, at Columbia, New Hampshire. Married, 1st., Maud Beatrice Bunnell, of Colebrook, New Hampshire, April 4, 1904, in Montpelier, Vermont. They were divorced October, 1908. Married, 2nd., Elizabeth Walter Howland, daughter of Darius and Abbie Parker (Bursley) Howland, in Boston, Massachusetts, September 30, 1911. Elizabeth was born January 17, 1885, in Cambridge Massachusetts.

The following is quoted from "Who's Who in New England," Page 1262, Vol.



HATTIE ELIZA (HOBART) TITUS
1854-1934 — Tenth Generation
Photograph Taken in 1925

3, 1938. Compiled and edited by A. N. Marquis, The A. N. Marquis Company, Chicago, "ed. Colebrook (New Hampshire) Academy." . . . "Successively book agent," (newspaper reporter), "hotel clerk, timber surveyor, manager for three affiliated lumber companies in Canada; adjuster, then chief adjuster, Boston Elevated Railway Company, 1904-17; general claims manager, Liberty Mutual Insurance Company since 1917, vice-president since 1927. Became Kentucky Colonel, 1930. Mason (32° Shriner). Club: Weston (Massachusetts) Golf." Home: Saxonstone, 270 Boston Post Road, Weston, Massachusetts. Summer home: at Osterville on Cape Cod. Office: Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, Boston, Massachusetts. He is a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, The New Hampshire Historical Society, and the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

LLOYD ALBERT TITUS: Born March 2, 1899, at Columbia, New Hampshire. Died in Baltimore, Maryland, January 9, 1925. On May 30, 1924, he married Edythe Guttery, daughter of E. G. Guttery, M.D., of Danville, Kentucky, at Danville. No children. At the time of his death, Lloyd was Superintendent of the Maryland Division of the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America. He was educated at English High School, Boston, Massachusetts. Buried Colebrook, New Hampshire Cemetery.

XII

CHILDREN OF PERCY HOBART TITUS XI

DOROTHY MADALENE TITUS: daughter of Percy Hobart Titus and Maud Bunnell Titus Boyer. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, June 23, 1905. Graduated from Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts, 1928. Graduate work at Boston University School of Education. From 1928 to 1930 Instructor of Commercial Subjects and Girls' A. A. Coach, Medfield (Massachusetts) High School. From 1930 to present time (1943) Instructor of Commercial Subjects and Treasurer of High School Funds, Hingham (Massachusetts) High School. Home: Weston, Massachusetts.

BURSLEY HOWLAND TITUS: Son of Percy Hobart Titus and Elizabeth Howland Titus. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, November 7, 1923. Graduated Weston (Massachusetts) High School, 1941. Post-Graduate at Staunton (Virginia) Military Academy 1941-1942. Cadet at Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, September, 1942, to March 1, 1943. Was a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army. Called to active duty March 10, 1943. (Through his mother, Bursley is a direct descendant of John Howland of the Mayflower.) He is a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolutionary and of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants.



LLOYD ALBERT TITUS
1899-1925 — Eleventh Generation
Photograph Taken in 1922

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APPENDIX

Ancestry of Lovina D. (Stoddard) Hobart

WIFE OF
HORACE MILLS HOBART IX

PART ONE THE STODDARD FAMILY

Lovina D. Stoddard was born April 26, 1831, married Horace Mills Hobart November 28, 1850, and died at Columbia Valley, Columbia, New Hampshire, June 20, 1890. She was the daughter of Ora Stoddard, son of Thomas and Jane (Pike) Stoddard, born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, July 26, 1791, and Lucy Warner (Seymour) Stoddard. They were married at Hartford, Connecticut, April 18, 1816. (Note: this marriage date is the one given in the Stoddard Family bible and in *A History of The Seymour Family* by George Dudley Seymour, page 239. The Hartford Second Church Records, Vol. 1, page 373, reads as follows: "Stoddard, Ora, of Windsor, m. Lucy Seymour, of Hartford, April 17, 1816.") Lucy was born in Hartford, Connecticut, July 11, 1796; died, Columbia, New Hampshire, December 3, 1878, at the home of Horace Mills Hobart. She was the sixth child of Joseph Whiting⁶ Seymour (Zebulon⁵, Zebulon⁴, John³, John², Richard¹.) and Lovisa (probably Lovina) Warner. (See Seymour family.) After Ora's death, Lucy lived with Horace and Lovina Hobart.

The children of Ora and Lucy W. Stoddard were:

HENRY W.: born March 18, 1817; married ———, March, 1841; died, August 9, 1868.

HEZEKIAH S.: born December 6, 1819; married ———, August 14, 1842.

GEORGE N.: born March 2, 1822; married Nancy S. ———, March 1, 1852; he died January 23, 1890; she died May 18, 1875.

FRANCES I.: born August 2, 1825; married ———, February, 1843.

ELIZA ANN: born April 6, 1828; married ———, August, 1850; died January 3, 1852.

LOVINA D.: born April 26, 1831; married Horace M. Hobart, November 28, 1850; died June 20, 1890.

CHARLES C.: born October 2, 1835.

ELIZABETH L.: born February 25, 1837; married George Hammond of Colebrook, New Hampshire, December 17, 1859; died March 28, 1887; he was born August 28, 1836; died September 5, 1884.

LIBEAS H.: born October 18, 1840; died September 23, 1843.

The writer has very little factual data which he can verify regarding Ora Stoddard and his ancestry, except that which is contained in the foregoing. Although Ora was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, the writer has always understood that his family was from Connecticut. His marriage record shows that, when married, he was living in Windsor, just north of Hartford and but a few miles from Wethersfield, the home of many generations of Stoddards, descendants of John Stoddard, one of the colony's earliest settlers. The Stoddards were originally English, living not far from London. Later, part of the family located in Scotland and possessed estates in Scotland for three hundred years prior to American colonization. It is believed that representatives

of both the English and Scottish branches were among the early settlers of New England. The writer has examined several volumes of family histories of these Stoddards, and checked various other possible sources of information. He has discovered that there were several Thomas Stoddards born in Connecticut on dates which would make it easily possible for any one of them to have been Ora's father, but he has been unable to establish the connection.

There were several families of Stoddards, in the late 1700's, located in and around Chesterfield, New Hampshire (near Hinsdale), and in near by towns on the Vermont side of the Connecticut River. There are few, if any, early vital records of those towns in either New Hampshire or Vermont now in existence. Their early settlers were largely from Connecticut. If Thomas Stoddard and Jane Pike were married in that section, it is possible that there is no surviving record.

When young, the writer knew so many of the Stoddard family intimately, and has such fond memories of those whom he knew best, that, in lieu of more extensive factual data, he is impelled to depart from his rule and relate items from memory and family hearsay. Such material usually has no proper place in a genealogical publication, and it must not be considered as authoratative, even though there is no question as to the truth of the main outline of the narrative.

The reasons for this departure from the rule are: first, the interest the story may have for the writer's descendants and his other relatives of Stoddard ancestry; second, these fragments, if preserved, may afford leads to others who may wish to pursue the inquiry further; third, the pleasure the writer will personally derive from recalling kindly and gracious people and associated happy memories of his boyhood.

Lucy W. Seymour was connected with the distinguished and wealthy Seymour family of Hartford, Connecticut, which has played a prominent part in American history. She had been gently bred and accustomed to the luxuries and social life of her station. Her husband possessed but limited means, and they determined to start life in the new, wild North Country. They said goodbye to life as Lucy had known it and took to the long trail up the Connecticut River. It is thought that for a time they settled in northern Vermont. Later, they lived in New Hampshire, probably Stewartstown, and eventually in Columbia. The hardships and privations of a pioneer's wife were doubly hard on the gently-reared Lucy. During one of the historic famine years in the North Country, when crops failed and game disappeared, Ora was the only man in their neighborhood who had either food or means of obtaining it. The suffering was intense, and Ora shared his food with all the others so fully that over a period of several weeks all that he and his family had to subsist on was a few handfuls of parched, unground corn daily, relieved, on two or three occasions, by a stew of winter-thin rabbit.

Lovina (Stoddard) Hobart was the writer's grandmother. She was an invalid during the years in which he remembers her most clearly—a sweet-faced, smiling woman, with a soft, pleasing voice, at whose feet a small boy would sit for hours on "his" special footstool while she told him stories or read to him, interpreting the book, as she read, to bring it within the limits of his understanding.

Elizabeth (Stoddard) Hammond, Lovina's younger sister, was also a great favorite of that same small boy—her grandnephew. She and Uncle George Hammond had lived directly opposite his Grandmother Hobart in Columbia Valley, but the small boy knew her when they were living in the red brick house on the "Old Road" at the top of the hill, overlooking the meadowlands below and the Connecticut in the distance, about one and a half miles south of the Valley. The house stood just south of the original farm of Captain Abel Hobart.

George Hammond, who was a carpenter and builder, had prospered enough to

indulge a long-cherished desire, which was almost a hobby. He wanted a farm and wanted to raise on that farm all the things the early settlers had raised. He achieved both ambitions. In spite of the pursuit of his hobby, instead of raising "money crops," he always seemed to prosper. A visit to the red brick house—the only one in town—was a gala event. There were big open fireplaces where burned huge logs. Uncle George had kicked out stoves as far as practicable and reopened the old fireplaces which some unappreciative prior owner had sealed up.

And then there was Aunt Elizabeth's quiet smile and marvelous food! One might discount somewhat a man's memory of the quality of the food he ate as a little shaver, but, in a land where cooking was a fine art, adults paid the same tribute. The only sugar used in cooking was maple—made on the place; the flour used for most cooking was home grown native northern wheat (probably not grown in the 1880's anywhere else in New England), ground to a special fineness in a country grist-mill; and thus it went—everything with a special flavor that carried its own special delight.

Uncle George—tall, handsome, jovial—was also a great favorite. One of the high spots in a small boy's life—then a very small boy—was when he was permitted to stay up all night in the sugar-house and "help" his Uncle George boil sap. Perhaps he did drowse off to dreamland occasionally toward morning on the bench where he would stretch out and watch the burning logs in the long brick arch under the iron boiling pan; but he could not afford to sleep with such exciting and delightful things to do. He must gently skim off the scum that would rise to the top as the boiling progressed. It was something of a mystery to him then, but as one grows older and observes life, one learns that scum of all kinds, human or otherwise, rises when things are boiling, and, unless vigilant watchers use the skimmers in time, the batch—or the nation—is ruined.

There are many, many reasons why a very small boy cannot sleep in an old-fashioned sugar-house: the strange and wonderful noises of the woods; the subdued tumult of the little animals, elves and tree-squeaks; the ker-plunk! as a mass of melting "sugar snow" drops from the overweighted boughs of a spruce; and the lesser thump as the snow slips off the limb of a maple. Then there is wood to bring in to keep the long arch roaring: perhaps when he is bigger, Uncle George will trust him to feed it to the dancing flames.

Oh, well, the boy might as well admit that there are more important considerations. He has been allowed to drink a little clear, sweet sap right from the tree, and perhaps have just a taste now and then from the pan which is sweeter—but, look out—it's hot! Yet he has not had enough to spoil a boy's appetite. At last comes the witching hour of midnight—he is not interested in witches—and comes *food!* The coffee was brought from the house and has been kept warm on one end of the arch. The lunch pails contain hard-boiled eggs and slices of salt pork which Uncle George broils on the ends of green sticks over the coals. Yes, salt port—plain, fat, salt port—raised and processed—pardon me, I mean "put down"—on the farm. . . . Uncle George splits one of Aunt Elizabeth's famous native wheat, cold biscuit, places a slice of sizzling hot, gently-curling, and softly-brown pork between the halves, and hands it to the small boy, along with a seasoned, cold hard-boiled egg and a mug of coffee and cream, sweetened with maple sugar, and . . . who would think of such a prosaic thing as sleep!

When the small boy grew up, circumstance caused him to travel in many regions and to taste the delicacies of chefs of many lands, but never, never has he discovered a dish equal to those broiled pork and biscuit sandwiches, nor found a feast to equal his first midnight repast in his granduncle's sugar-house. He was then four and a half

years old. Yes, that was starting midnight dinners rather young, but no subsequent tendencies should be charged to his first nocturnal banquet.

Of course, the pails contained pie and cookies and, of more importance, "plain" doughnuts. No, you don't know what they are—unless, per chance, you are no longer young and grew up in the northern tip of New Hampshire, Vermont, or New York, or possibly, in the Berkshire Hills. Those doughnuts are not even remote cousins to the "plain" doughnuts of commerce or of lesser lands. Anyhow, the boy would not eat them at midnight—the sap had not yet become syrup. But toward daylight there would be syrup to pour into the holes—no, no, of course not the middle hole—the little holes and pockets that a kindly Providence and Yankee cooks provide all through the "plain" doughnuts small boys eat in sugar-houses, or any other house where they can be had and there is maple syrup to go with them.

Then comes daylight. Getting sleepy? Yes, but one can't leave yet. The syrup is almost thick enough to "wax," if slowly poured on snow. Well, Uncle George has prepared for that and has brought along a big milk pan. Yes, he has just come in with it filled—clean, white, sparkling. He grins, dips out a cup of syrup, hands the boy a little paddle whittled out of birch (teaspoons would spoil everything), and tells him to try it. The boy pours a little hot syrup on the snow; it turns quickly to a thin wafer, or strip, of the small boy's delight—no matter what small boy or how many score years he has seen "sugaring-time" come and go. Well, at last there comes a time when boys big or small, old or young, must go to bed—and so he sleepily trudges down the woods road from the sugar-place to the red brick house and to bed. He knows that in the afternoon it will be time to "sugar-off," and that friends, neighbors, and other small boys will be going up the sugar-place road through the maple forest to eat more of aunt's "plain" doughnuts and perhaps get a bit overstuffed with the thickening syrup and the finally solidifying sugar. Yes, maybe he'll miss it, yet *they* will just attend another sugaring-off party, while *he* has had the big adventure.

George and Elizabeth Hammond had one daughter, Carrie—a tall, fine-looking woman whose every characteristic equaled her looks. She married Frank Cook of Columbia, a farmer, later a Colebrook business man, noted for his integrity and sound sense. They left two daughters, Vera (Mrs. Durward Hapgood) and Eva (Mrs. Carmi Keazer), both of Colebrook, and each the mother of a fine and numerous family.

Henry W. Stoddard was, the writer believes, the progenitor of the Stoddards of Canaan, Vermont.

Hezekiah S. lived to old age in Factory Village, Colebrook. The writer knows of no descendants.

George N. lived in Goffstown, New Hampshire, much of his life. His only son, Samuel H., was born May 13, 1855, and died September 29, 1872. In his later years, George was often at the home of the writer. He was a bearded, bent, kindly old Yankee, with a fund of dry humor and an inexhaustable store of side-splitting tall tales.

Charles C. was at least one small boy's romantic hero—tall, erect, extraordinarily handsome, becomingly bearded, and with deep, very dark brown eyes that held such a perpetual twinkle that he appeared to be always laughing. He had knocked about the world quite a bit and had had a somewhat adventurous life. He spent some years in Florida during the early development of that state. Much of his life he spent in Whitefield, New Hampshire. He had a habit of suddenly appearing for an unannounced visit of short or prolonged duration, but they were always too short for his hosts. When he walked into a room, his laughing eyes set all present smiling, and

his spontaneous wit soon had them all laughing. The writer last saw him in 1900 or 1901. He died soon afterward.

The writer knew four of his sons, Cecil, Escott, Rodney, and Burt, and one daughter, whose name he does not recall. They were fine-looking, fun-loving family.

* * *

PART TWO THE SEYMOUR FAMILY

Through her mother, Lucy Warner (Seymour) Stoddard, Lovina D. (Stoddard) Hobart—and therefore her descendants—descended directly from Richard Seymour, who came to America in 1638 and settled in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1639, and who is the progenitor of the long line of distinguished statesmen, soldiers and scholars of that name. She and her descendants also directly descended from Governor John Webster, the fifth colonial governor of Connecticut (1656–1657), one of the original proprietors of Hartford, and ancestor of Noah Webster (not of Daniel). Came to America from Warwickshire. They also descended from Richard Treat and his wife, Alice (Gaylord) Treat, who came to America from England with Sir Richard Saltonstall in 1630. Richard was baptized at Pitminster, Somerset County, in 1584. The Treat family were among the first settlers of Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1639. Richard was one of the patentees of Connecticut Colony. Lovina was (and her descendants are) also kin of Major Robert Treat, son of Richard, of French and Indian War fame, the founder of Newark, New Jersey, and long-time governor of Connecticut; of Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence; of Thomas Seymour (1735–1829), first mayor of Hartford, Connecticut; of Major Moses Seymour (1742–1826), distinguished soldier of the Revolution; of Captain Thomas Youngs Seymour (1757–1811), the “Beau Sabreur” of the battle of Saratoga and the original member of the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati; of Noah Webster (1758–1843); of United States Senator Horatio Seymour (1778–1857), of Middlebury, Vermont, uncle of Governor Seymour of New York; of Chief Justice Orogen Storrs Seymour (1804–1881) of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors; of Colonel Thomas H. Seymour (1808–1868), the “Hero of Chapultepec” in the Mexican War, Governor of Connecticut (1850–1853), and United States Minister to Russia (1853–1857); of Governor Horatio Seymour (1810–1886) of New York, elected governor in 1852 and in 1862, and Democratic candidate for President, against General U. S. Grant, in 1868; of General Truman Seymour (1824–1891) of Burlington, Vermont, veteran of the Mexican War, the Seminole War, and of the War Between the States; and of the fifteenth and present President of Yale University, Charles Seymour, inaugurated in 1937; and of a long list of congressmen, diplomats, and scholars too numerous to list in a simple record of this type.

* * *

THE ENGLISH HOME AND ANCESTRY OF RICHARD SEYMOUR OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

*Condensed from the New England Historical and
Genealogical Register for April, 1917*

1. JOHN SEMARE, of Sawbridgeworth (locally pronounced “Sapsearth”), Co. Herts, England. Probably born about 1535; buried October 23, 1605, at Sawbridge-

worth. Married, first, November 11, 1560, Jane Androw, who was buried October 3, 1561, leaving no issue. Married, second, Dyzory Porter, May 9, 1562. Eight children. The fourth child was:

2. ROBERT SEYMOUR, baptized November 30, 1573, at Sawbridgeworth. He married at Sawbridgeworth November 14, 1603, Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Bayford) Waller, baptized there December 12, 1578. He was buried at Sawbridgeworth August 23, 1637. Their first son was Richard who emigrated to America.

(Note: There is some evidence which indicates that the Seymours of Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, were a branch of the ancient and powerful Seymour family in Devonshire (in the reign of Henry VIII, Thomas Seymour became Lord Protector of England), but the link has never been clearly established. It is possible that the grandfather of Richard, the first in America (1638), may have come to Sawbridgeworth from Devon, as there are no earlier records of any of the name in either Hertfordshire or Essex Counties. Thomas, son of Richard the Pioneer, sealed his will with a small and apparently very old and worn seal, probably a ring, bearing the ducal arms of the Seymours of Devon. It is hard to understand how a simple farmer, dying in the wilds of Connecticut could have possessed such a seal unless it were a cherished heirloom handed down from father to son.

The name has been variously spelled in the ancient records as Semare, Seymer, Semer, Seamore, Seamer, and Seymour; but the dates, places and subject matter make clear that they all refer to the same individuals and families.—P. H. T.)

* * * * *

- I. RICHARD SEYMOUR: baptized at Sawbridgeworth, Co. Herts, January 27, 1604/5; married there Mercy Ruscoe, daughter of Roger and Sarah Ruscoe, April 18, 1631. Richard and family came to America probably in the spring of 1638. In February, 1639/40, he was a proprietor and inhabitant of Hartford, Connecticut. Richard was living in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1651. He was elected selectman in 1655. He died about September, 1655. Richard and Mercy had six children. The first three were born in England. Their fourth child was:
- II. JOHN SEYMOUR: born, probably in New England, about 1639. He died at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1713. Married, about 1655, Mary Watson, daughter of John and Margaret Watson, of Hartford. He settled in Hartford about 1663. His will was dated December 10, 1712, and was proved August 3, 1713. John and Mary had nine children. The first born was:
- III. JOHN SEYMOUR, JR.: born at Hartford June 12, 1666; died, May 17, 1748. He married, at Hartford December 19, 1683, Elizabeth Webster, baptized at Hartford, February 8, 1673/4, buried there May 15, 1754, daughter of Lt. Robert² and Susanna (Treat), granddaughter of Governor John¹ and Agnes (Smith) Webster, and niece of Governor Robert Treat, the distinguished soldier of the French and Indian War, founder of Newark, New Jersey, later Governor of Connecticut for fifteen years (until, on account of age, he declined to longer serve), and the ancestor of Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Governor Treat and Susanna were the children of Richard Treat, one of the original settlers of Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1639. The ninth child of John and Elizabeth was:
- IV. ZEBULON: born at Hartford May 14, 1709; died there February 3, 1765. He married at Hartford June 7, 1733, Keziah⁴ Bull, who died at New Hartford,

Connecticut, January 4, 1800, aged 87; daughter of Daniel³ (Joseph², Thomas¹) and Mary (Mygate). He was selectman of Hartford, 1750-1 and held other town offices. Their second child and first son was:

- V. CAPTAIN ZEBULON, JR.: born at Hartford, Connecticut, September 12, 1736; died there July 27, 1807; married at New Hartford, September 25, 1759, Ann⁵ Marsh, born at Hartford, February 22, 1741, died there November 14, 1812, daughter of Reverend Jonathan⁴ (Reverend Jonathan³, Jonathan², John¹) and Elizabeth (Sheldon). He held various town offices. Their third child and first son was:
- VI. JOSEPH WHITING⁶ SEYMOUR (Zebulon, Jr.⁵, Zebulon⁴, John Jr.³, John², Richard¹): born at Hartford, Connecticut, January 8, 1762; died there September 8, 1815; married, first, Lovisa (probably Lovina) Warner, born about 1760; died at Hartford July 31, 1798; daughter of Eli Warner. Their sixth child was:
- VII. LUCY WARNER SEYMOUR: born at Hartford, Connecticut, July 11, 1796; died at Columbia, New Hampshire, December 3, 1878; married Ora Stoddard of Windsor, Connecticut, at Hartford, Connecticut, April 18, 1816. Ora was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, July 26, 1791; died at Columbia, New Hampshire, February 3, 1861. He was the son of Thomas and Jane (Pike) Stoddard. Ora and Lucy had nine children. Their sixth child, Lovina D., married Horace Mills Hobart (IX).

Ancestry of Irena Brown Hobart

WIFE OF
HARVEY HOBART, VIII

AND
A SKETCH OF
CAPTAIN ELEAZER ROSEBROOK

IRENA BROWN was born September 10, 1803; married Harvey Hobart November 19, 1823; and died at Columbia, New Hampshire, February 23, 1888. She was the daughter of Hope Brown and his wife, Irena Rosebrook, both of Lancaster, New Hampshire, who were married in Lancaster, December 31, 1797, by the Reverend Joseph Willard.

The writer, as a small boy, lived across the road from the big, rambling old Hobart house, and used to visit regularly with his great-grandmother Irena. Two rooms, a living room and a bedroom, on the front end were her sacred precincts. Like nearly everyone, the small boy was profoundly awed in her presence, but she frequently asked to see him, and he was as fascinated as he was awed. He remembers her vividly when she was in her eighties. When she spoke her voice was pleasant, but he never saw her relax. His mind pictures her as always sitting perfectly erect in a straight-backed chair by her fireplace, with one hand resting on a cane. She dressed most meticulously, but in deepest black, and always wore a widow's black cap. Her deep-set eyes were as black as her cap. They were deep and penetrating; they were sad, but never dull. As he thinks of her to this day, she seemed both aged and ageless—like the reincarnation of some mythical queen of a long lost and forgotten empire.

Authentic data on Hope Brown is not available. Family saying was that his mother's family name was Mills, and that he was generally known as "Mills" Brown. It is possible that his middle name was Mills. It is significant that Irena's eldest son, Horace Mills Hobart, was always known and informally addressed as "Mills." It was also a family understanding that Irena was a cousin of Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward"), the American humorist. It is not improbable that Hope Brown may have been connected with the Brown family of Hollis, New Hampshire. Lt. Josiah Brown of Hollis was one of the first to follow Captain James Hobart in the settlement of Plymouth. He arrived there in September, 1764. Incidentally, Harvey Hobart's grandmother was Keziah Brown of Plymouth, the first wife of William Hobart.

Irena Rosebrook was the daughter of John Rosebrook, the second child and eldest son of James Roseborough (Rosbrook-Rosebrook). John was born in Grafton, Massachusetts, May 24, 1738. (See Lovering's *History of Holland, Massachusetts*.) There is no available record of the birth or death dates of Irena (Rosebrook) Brown. She was admitted to the church in Lancaster, New Hampshire, in 1881. (Note: Miss Gertrude Rosebrook, historian of the town of Lancaster (in 1943) and descendant of Captain Eleazer Rosebrook, John's famous younger brother, is authority for Irena Rosebrook's parentage.)

John was the second of the nine children of James Roseborough and Margaret Maccoy, who were married April 6, 1736. James Roseborough was a veteran of



IRENA (BROWN) HOBART
1803-1888

Eighth Generation

Irena's photograph was taken about 1883. The date of Lucy's photograph is unknown.



LUCY (SEYMOUR) STODDARD
1791-1873

the French and Indian Wars. He served with Grafton troops under Captain Samuel Wain in 1757, under Captain James Whipple in the expedition to relieve Fort William Henry on August 16, 1757, and in Captain Stephen Maynard's company in 1759.

He probably died early in that year, as the Probate records of Northampton, Massachusetts, show that Margaret Rosebrooks was "appointed guardian of James, Sarah, Gershom, and others younger, above 14 years, heirs of James Rosebrooks." Dated, July 10, 1759. The names and dates of birth of James' children born in Grafton are as follows:

1. MARY, born February 11, 1737
2. JOHN, born May 24, 1738
3. JAMES, born October 3, 1740
4. SARAH, born April 24, 1743
5. THANKFUL, born October 11, 1745
6. GERSHOM, born May 29, 1746
7. ELEAZER, born December 17, 1747
8. EBENEZER, born September 11, 1748
9. WILLIAM, born May 26, 1749

The first two children had attained their majority before the appointment of the mother as guardian.

Early Grafton town records and military records spell James' last name as Roseborough, and town records carry that spelling in referring to some of his children, but the church records spell the name of his children as Rosbrook.

The church records give the first names and birth dates of the children exactly as do the other records. Younger generations of the family have been known both as Rosebrook and as Rosebrooks.

Frederick Clinton Pierce in his *History of Grafton, Massachusetts* makes the error of confusing James, the veteran of the French and Indian Wars, with his son Eleazer, the border scout and ranger of the Revolution. Lovering's *History of Holland, Massachusetts* quotes Pierce, but later shows that James died in 1759.

Captain Eleazer Rosebrook played an important part in North Country history. He married Hannah Haines of Brimfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1771. The births of two of their children are mentioned in Grafton records: "First, Mary, born November, 1772; second, Hannah Haines, born ———?" From the nature of the latter entry, it may be inferred that Hannah was not born in Grafton. The exact date of Eleazer's removal to Coös is not certain. The *History of Coös County* (1888), page 443, states that he and his wife and one daughter came to Lancaster from Grafton.

The records of the town of Lunenburg, Vermont, list the birth dates of six children of Eleazer and Hannah Rosbrook. The record does not state the place or places of birth, and contains the names of both daughters whose births are entered in Grafton, Massachusetts. The Lunenburg books show that all entries were recorded November 11, 1784. They are as follows:

1. MARCY ROSBROOK, born November 7, 1771
2. HANNAH ROSBROOK, born October 30, 1773
3. WILLIAM ROSBROOK, born March 24, 1776
4. PHINEHAS ROSBROOK, born July 12, 1779

5. ARDRIS ROSBROOK, born August 31, 1782

6. ELIEZER ROSBROOK, born July 18, 1784

Hannah Haines Rosebrook married Abel Crawford, the "Patriarch of the Hills," whose name was given to Crawford Notch, which, through its wild, rugged, awe-inspiring beauty and grandeur, has become one of the most famous mountain passes in the world. Hannah became the mother of the almost incredible Ethan Allen Crawford, the "Giant of the Mountains"; the six-foot, six-inch superman, whose feats of strength, daring, and hardihood have made him a legendary figure in White Mountain history.

Eleazer Rosebrook, with his wife and daughter, pushed through the wilderness to Lancaster, New Hampshire, where they stopped for a time; but soon moved up the Connecticut to Monadnock, now Colebrook, and settled far away from human habitation.

When the Revolution came, Eleazer joined the American forces as a scout and ranger in the struggle against Indian raiders, usually under British officers, who carried on irregular warfare from over the Canadian line. The tales of his hardiness, courage, hair-breadth escapes and shrewdness in outwitting the foe made him one of the most noted Indian fighters on the border.

In 1778 he moved to Guildhall, Vermont, to have his family nearer settlements while he was away on frontier duty. He made Guildhall his home for fourteen years and took a prominent part in town affairs. He developed a large and beautiful farm on the Connecticut River, which he sold in 1792 and moved to Nash and Sawyer's Location (now Carroll) in the heart of the White Mountains. He built a large two-story house at the base of the "Giant's Grave," nearly on the site of the later Fabyan House, and in 1803 opened the first hotel for summer visitors in the White Mountain region. Being a man of great energy and enterprize, he also erected large barns, stables, sheds, and a grist-mill and a sawmill. He died September 27, 1817, and his property was inherited by Ethan Allen Crawford. The house was destroyed by fire in 1818.

Ancestry of Betsey (Wallis) Hobart

WIFE OF
CAPTAIN ABEL HOBART, VII

DAVID WALLIS, in 1755, came to Brimfield, Massachusetts, part of which later became Holland, Massachusetts, from Woodstock, Connecticut, with his wife, Mary, four sons, and two negro slaves. Woodstock records show that David filed intentions on April 5, 1729, to marry Mary Anderson of Brimfield. Mary was born in 1708 and died June 18, 1776. There is no earlier record of David, but family tradition says that he was born in Scotland.

Massachusetts archives, Book 94, page 45, shows the "Service at Crown Point, during the French and Indian war of Ensign David Wallis who enlisted in Capt. Ebenezer Moulton's company from Brimfield." *History of Holland*, by Lovering, states that "Sam Dearing," his negro servant, enlisted with his master. Sam served the family for many years and was said to have lived to be 102 years old.

The children of David and Mary were:

1. DAVID, JR., born November 20, 1731; married Mary Freeland
2. JONATHAN, baptized, July 22, 1733
3. ELIZABETH, born March 24, 1737
4. JOHN, born January 2, 1738/9
5. WILLIAM, born May 16, 1741, according to the *History of Holland*. His tombstone in Columbia Bridge Cemetery reads that he was born in 1743 and died in 1812. The stone does not name day or month of birth, and the Holland record is more likely to be accurate than what was probably the memory of his aged widow.
6. THOMAS, born October 3, 1743. He was a physician.

William, the father of Betsey (Wallis) Hobart and the progenitor of the Wallis family of Columbia, removed from Holland in 1763, but it appears that he subsequently returned there, and that Holland continued to be the family headquarters. No record is available as to when or where he married his wife, Thankful, and her maiden name is not positively known, but in all probability she was Thankful Rosbrook, the fifth child of James and Margaret (Maccoy) Rosborough of Holland. (*Note:* The church records use the name Rosbrook, and later descendants spell it Rosebrook. See *Ancestry of Irena (Brown) Hobart*.) The Wallis and Rosbrook families were neighbors and closely associated, and even in those days, Thankful was a somewhat unusual name. Thankful Wallis' tombstone records her birth date simply as 1742 and her death date as 1826. Her tombstone record may well be as inaccurate as is her husband's.

Holland records show Thankful Rosbrook to have been born October 10, 1745. Further evidence indicating that Thankful Wallis was Thankful Rosbrook is that William Wallis' nephew, David, III, married Persis Rosbrook, supposed to have been the daughter of John Rosbrook, Thankful's brother, and Betsey (Wallis) Hobart named her second daughter Persis Wallis.

David Wallis, III, was born September 13, 1758; died September 11, 1843; married Persis Rosbrook May 8, 1782. She was born September 16, 1760, and died October 15, 1830.

It is also interesting to note that the *History of Holland* states that a daughter of Deacon David Wallis, III, and Persis Rosbrook, Melinda, married William Wallis, meaning William Wallis, Jr. "Melina Wallis⁴, born November 28, 1783; married, January 13, 1806, William Wallis . . . He was a resident of Columbia, New Hampshire, and possibly a descendant of William Wallis (No. 6), formerly of Holland.

"Their children—born in New Hampshire, fifth generation.

1. CARLOS, born April 1, 1807
2. PHILLINDA, born February 5, 1811
3. WILLIAM, born April 24, 1813
4. ALBERT, born February 25, 1820
5. EMMELINE, born September 3, 1824"

William Wallis, Sr., and Thankful had at least three sons. One, probably the oldest, was named Danforth. The name of the second son is not known. William, Jr., was probably the youngest. Betsey was the only daughter of which there is known record. The family settled in Columbia in 1787. (See extract from *History of Columbia* which is included in this appendix.) William, Jr., remained in Columbia and became one of the town's leading citizens. From him descended the Wallaces of later generations in Columbia and Colebrook. He is buried in Columbia Bridge Cemetery near the graves of his parents. Betsey married Abel Hobart, August 14, 1794. Danforth's name appears on the town's first tax list made out May 28, 1798, but he and the other son moved away.

The generations following that of William, Sr., spell the name as Wallace. This, likewise, is true of the descendants of David in Holland, Massachusetts, and as the same change is found in the genealogies of other families of the same name, and as apparently they are all of Scottish ancestry, the modern spelling is undoubtedly the correct one.

(Note: Many records of the early inhabitants of the present towns of Brimfield, Holland, and Grafton, Massachusetts, are accurate, but confusing and apparently contradictory, due to the subdividing of what were originally large towns into smaller towns, and to the changing at different periods of the boundary lines of all of them.

For example, one record may show that John Doe was born in Brimfield and a later record state, on the same date, that John Doe was born in Holland; yet each statement would be accurate at the time it was recorded. Further confusion is due to the fact that some genealogists and some later-day compilers and publishers of town vital statistics would employ the current designation, and others would adhere to the original town name.

The same difficulties, due to changes in the boundaries of colonies and to changing designations and boundaries of towns, are encountered in many records of all sections of early New England. Variations between town records and church records, due in part to the varying literacy of the recorders and, in church records, the occasional use of purely local settlement appellations rather than official town names (although such settlements might later become separate towns), add to the confusion.



ETHAN ALBERT TITUS
1854-1916 — Tenth Generation
Photograph Taken About 1888



HATTIE ELIZA (HOBART) TITUS
1854-1934 — Tenth Generation
Photograph Taken About 1888

Sketch of Life of Garret A. Hobart

TWENTY-FOURTH VICE PRESIDENT

OF THE

UNITED STATES

AND

HIS IMMEDIATE ANCESTORS

GARRET AUGUSTUS HOBART was born on June 3, 1844, in the village of Long Branch, Monmouth County, New Jersey. He was a great-grandson of Captain Abel Hobart (VII), a grandson of Major Roswell Hobart, and the son of Addison Willard Hobart, all of Columbia Valley, Columbia, Coös County, New Hampshire. Garret was of the tenth generation in America. (Edmond¹, Peter², Gershom³, Shebuel⁴, Shebuel, Jr.⁵, William⁶, Abel⁷, Roswell⁸, Addison⁹.)

Major Roswell Hobart is said to have been a man of brilliant parts; handsome, witty, convivial, and widely popular. He was a teacher in local schools, and taught in Colebrook Academy, in the founding of which he had a part. His brother, Harvey, was one of its original trustees.

Roswell also farmed on a small scale and was active in politics. He served two terms in the state legislature, was selectman, town clerk, and filled various minor offices. In 1819 he built a combination saw and grist-mill on Roaring Brook which he operated, apparently as a side line. He was highly respected and perhaps the best liked man of his town, although never very successful financially.

Addison Willard-Hobart was born in Columbia, apparently in 1819. The town records were destroyed by fire around the eighteen seventies, and the writer has been unable to establish the exact date of his birth; but in the correspondence of Diana Hobart Buffington, Addison's first cousin, she writes, "he (Addison) cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison in 1840." Later she goes on to relate that after moving to New Jersey, he left the Whigs and became "the only one of the family known to have voted for the democratic party." It would appear that, in the eyes of his cousin, this was a serious misdemeanor!

Addison decided to follow his father's example and become a teacher. Around 1840 he went to Monmouth County, New Jersey, and found an opening as a teacher of a school in the town of Marlboro. What caused him to choose this location is not entirely clear, but it probably was due to joint plans laid with his boyhood chum, Socrates Tuttle, of Colebrook, New Hampshire. Columbia Valley is just south of the Colebrook town line, but little over a mile from Colebrook village. Addison and Tuttle were of the same age, seatmates in school, and constant companions. Tuttle also migrated to Monmouth County and, with Addison's help, got a teaching job, in a pay school, at Blueball in 1841.

Socrates Tuttle was born in Colebrook November 19, 1819. After a few years of teaching at Blueball, he took up the study of law, located in Paterson, New Jersey, and became mayor of the city and one of the leading lawyers of the state. His friendship with Addison Hobart was life-long, and out of that friendship grew history.

While in Marlboro, Addison married Sophia Vanderveer of that town. With his wife and first son, he moved to Long Branch, New Jersey, in 1841, and opened a school which he conducted until 1852, when he returned to Marlboro and opened a store. He also operated a farm in the same town. He died in Marlboro in 1892.

Sophia Vanderveer came from long lines of excellent and sometimes distinguished Dutch and French-Huguenot stock. She was the daughter of David G. Vanderveer and Catharine Du Bois. Her father was a descendant from Cornelis Janse Van der Veer (Son of John from the Ferry), who arrived at New Amsterdam on the ship "Otter" in 1659, from Alkmaar, in North Holland. Catharine Du Bois, was the daughter of the Reverend Benjamin Du Bois, who descended from Louis Du Bois, born about 1630, who escaped from persecution in France to Mannheim, Germany, and from that place came to New Amsterdam on the ship St. Jan Baptist in 1661.

Three of Addison Hobart's children survived the period of infancy. Erasmus, the oldest, died in early manhood. David Roswell, the youngest, died a few years after the death of the Vice President.

In school, Garret displayed his brilliance of mind and capacity for application by being prepared for college in his fifteenth year. As it was not thought advisable that he should enter college at so early an age, he spent a year at home. He seems to have filled this interval with some review of his studies, and with occasional employment in a store. It was decided that he should enter Rutgers College, and in his sixteenth year, he matriculated in the sophomore class at that institution. He graduated the third in his class in his nineteenth year.

After graduation, he taught school in Marlboro for a short time to get money to pay off school debts. He then accepted an offer from his father's old friend, Socrates Tuttle, to take him into his office and home during the period of his legal studies. By studying under this very unusual man, Garret was licensed to practice law on June 7, 1866, and in June, 1871, he became a counselor-at-law, and a master in chancery in 1872. To make the story complete, he married the boss's daughter, Jennie Tuttle, at her father's home, July 21, 1869.

From then on, his story is a part of American history. He served brilliantly in the New Jersey legislature, was speaker of both the house and senate, was at one time director on the boards of sixty corporations, and in 1896 was elected Vice President of the United States.

Garret's marriage to Jennie Tuttle meant union of two families of pioneer stock. To quote from Magie's *Life of Hobart*, "It is worthy of notice that the lines of descent and influence which met in Mr. Hobart's life and helped to mould his character, came in his wife's family also from the same period of this nation's history and from persons in similar circumstances and of very similar characteristics." The first members of the Tuttle family came to this country in 1640. Socrates descended from John, one of two brothers, who settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Jennie Tuttle Hobart was the daughter of Socrates' first wife, Jane Winters, who was the daughter of Baltus and Esther Winters of Paterson. Socrates and Jane were married May 23, 1848; she died June 14, 1849. Socrates Tuttle died February 12, 1885.

Garret and Jennie Hobart had two children who survived infancy. One was Fannie Beckwith Hobart, who died from malignant diphtheria at Bellagio, on Lake Como, Italy, while on a European trip with her family June 27, 1895; the other was Garret Augustus Hobart, Jr., who died in 1941.

Garret Augustus Hobart, Vice President of the United States, died at his home in Paterson, New Jersey, November 21, 1899.

THREE SONS OF MAJOR ROSWELL HOBART

(From Correspondence of Diana Hobart Buffington)

In a copy of a letter, undated but apparently written about 1897, from Mrs. Buffington to Mr. William Nelson, a genealogist and member of the New Jersey Historical Society, she wrote that she expected to hear from South Dakota in regard to requested data relating to Major Roswell's sons, George, John, and James. She added "probably you can get the date of George's death from Garrett A., as he died at his father's in Marlboro," meaning that George died at the home of his brother, Addison, the father of Garrett A. Hobart.

Mrs. Buffington further added "He might also know those of his uncles. James died last spring or early summer."

Ancestry of Elizabeth (Howland) Titus

WIFE OF
PERCY HOBART TITUS, XI
AND MOTHER OF
BURSLEY HOWLAND TITUS, XII

PART ONE THE HOWLAND FAMILY

- I. JOHN HOWLAND, of the Mayflower: Born in England, 1592; married Elizabeth Tilley, daughter of John Tilley, of the Mayflower, in Plymouth, Massachusetts. John was a member of Governor John Carver's family. He signed the Mayflower Compact in November, 1620. "He was then twenty-eight years old."¹ He served several years as a member of the Governor's Council of Plymouth Colony under Governor William Bradford. John and Elizabeth were parents of:
- II. CAPTAIN JOHN HOWLAND, JR.: Born February 4, 1627 at Plymouth, Massachusetts; married Mary Lee, daughter of Robert Lee of Barnstable October 26, 1651. Lived for a time in Marshfield, where he and his father owned a large tract of land. Later, moved to West Barnstable. The earliest record of his residence there is in 1657. He was a leading and highly respected business man and citizen. Was a selectman and Captain of the Military Company of Barnstable. His home in West Barnstable was, according to tradition, near the ancient Washington Bursley house, now (1943) owned by Elizabeth (Howland) Titus. John and Mary were parents of:
- III. ISAAC HOWLAND: Born at (West) Barnstable November 25, 1659; married Ann Taylor, the daughter of Edward Taylor, December 27, 1686. She was born March 12, 1664. Isaac and Ann were parents of:
- IV. JOHN HOWLAND: Born at Barnstable (probably in the part of the town known as West Barnstable) February 2, 1696; died on, or just before, January 20, 1747; married Alice Hamblin. John and Alice were parents of:
- V. DAVID HOWLAND: Born at Barnstable August 8, 1737; married Mary Coleman on December 15, 1763. She was born at Barnstable on March 27, 1739. David and Mary were parents of:
- VI. JOHN HOWLAND: Born at West Barnstable December 24, 1769; died on November 9, 1851; married on January 2, 1798, Martha Howland, daughter of Jonathan Howland and Martha Thacher. She was born August 28, 1772; died at Barnstable April 13, 1841. John and Martha were parents of:
- VII. NATHANIEL HOWLAND: Born at Barnstable on April 10, 1810; died at Barnstable on October 25, 1896; married on January 3, 1839, Dorinda Fish, daughter of Ansel and Bethania Fish, both born at Sandwich on Cape Cod. (Ansel Fish was born February 11, 1776, son of Nathaniel Fish and his wife, Abigail.)

¹*The Howland Family*: by F. Howland.



ELIZABETH W. (HOWLAND) TITUS
Born 1885 — Eleventh Generation
Photograph Taken in 1940

Dorinda was born at Barnstable in 1817; died at West Barnstable November 12, 1861. Nathaniel owned the farm and home in the "Plains" section of Osterville (one of the several postal designations in the territorially large town of Barnstable) once known as the "Half-way House," as it is situated half-way between the villages of West Barnstable and Osterville. For many years it was the home of two of his unmarried children, Edwin T. Howland, one of the town fathers and one of the early developers of the Cranberry industry for which Cape Cod is noted, and his sister, Martha Thacher Howland, both known for their benevolence and hospitality. This typically Cape Cod homestead, with its antiques, ancient trees, wide-spread lawns, and many acres, is now (1943) owned by Elizabeth (Howland) Titus. Nathaniel and Dorinda were parents of:

VIII. **DARIUS HOWLAND:** Born at Barnstable (Osterville section) January 4, 1840; died at Boston, Massachusetts (as a result of an accident), on April 2, 1903. Married at Barnstable on January 8, 1880, Abbie Parker Bursley, daughter of Washington Bursley, born at West Barnstable February 1, 1843. She died at West Barnstable August 10, 1913. Abbie was one of the "Beautiful Bursley Girls." Her sister, Mary, wife of Professor Charles E. Woods of Leland Stanford University, and who died in California, was the belle of her day, and her graciousness equaled her beauty.

Darius' brother-in-law and friend, Captain Charles Jenkins, of West Barnstable, who married Mercy Bursley, was one of the legendary Yankee skippers who commanded some of the most famous globe-circling clipper ships in the days of their glory. Consequently, Darius, when young, followed the sea and made several trips as mate of clippers going around Cape Horn. Later, he engaged in the roofing business in Boston.

Darius and Abbie had two children: Edwin Bursley, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 5, 1881, died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 24, 1905; and Elizabeth W. (Howland) Titus, born January 17, 1885, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is the wife of Percy Hobart Titus and mother of Bursley Howland Titus.

* * *

PART TWO

THE BURSLEY FAMILY

This genealogical line is furnished the editor by Mr. John Bursley of West Barnstable. The record of the first six generations is taken from a chart compiled by his grandfather, which is framed and hangs on a wall in the old Bursley homestead.

The following record is transcribed verbatim as written by Mr. Bursley, except for parenthetical insertions. The later dates are from the vital records of the town of Barnstable or the family records of Washington Bursley.

- I. **JOHN BURSLEY**, the first to be reported in New England, owned, as his home, the place where I live, in 1630-1660; married, in 1639 at Sandwich, Joanna Hull (believed to have been of Plymouth). He died in 1660, but where he was buried is not known.

(*Note:* the exact date of the arrival in America of the first John is uncertain. He sojourned in Weymouth, Massachusetts, for a time, but was in West Barnstable in or about 1630. It is probable that he came in Governor Winthrop's fleet. He is believed to have been buried in the ancient "Calf's Pasture" burying ground on

the promontory reached by Scudder's Lane from Barnstable village, where most of the first settlers were interred before there was a cemetery in West Barnstable. There is no stone remaining which can be identified as his.)

2. JOHN BURSLEY, JR., married at West Barnstable, 1673, Elizabeth Howland. He died at West Barnstable in 1726, aged 74 years.
3. JOSEPH BURSLEY, married at West Barnstable in 1712, Sarah Crocker. He died at West Barnstable in 1750, aged 64 years.
4. JOSEPH BURSLEY, JR., married, at West Barnstable in 1739, Bethia Fuller. Died, 1775, aged 64 years.
5. JOHN BURSLEY, the common ancestor of Mrs. Titus and myself, married at West Barnstable, 1766, Mary Howland. He died in 1827, aged 85 years. His sons included Heman, my ancestor, Josiah, Mrs. Titus' ancestor, and Lemuel, John and others.
6. JOSIAH married Abigail (Parker). He died in 1830, aged 55 years, and Abigail in 1835, aged 56 years. His home was the one on the corner owned now by Mrs. Titus. Their children included Washington, George, Washburn, Enoch, and Lurani, who married James W. Howland. Lurani and James were the grandparents of Mrs. William F. Makepeace.
7. WASHINGTON married Sophronia Howland (at West Barnstable on May 5, 1836, by Reverend J. M. Merrick. He died April 4, 1884, age 74 years, 7 months, and 20 days.) Of their six daughters, Abbie P. (Bursley) Howland was the third. (The six: Sarah Elizabeth, Mrs. John Walter Bursley Parker, born July 3, 1838; Mercy Nye, Mrs. Charles Jenkins, born September 22, 1840; Abigail Parker, Mrs. Darius Howland, born February 1, 1843; Mary E., Mrs. Charles E. Woods, born September 20, 1845; Elvira A., Mrs. Melvin Parker, born September 17, 1850; Carrie P., spinster, long postmistress and librarian at West Barnstable, born September 4, 1853. They had one son, Enoch Pratt, born January 4, 1848, died August 10, 1849.)
8. (ABBIE PARKER BURSLEY married Darius Howland. See Generation VIII under Howland Family.)
9. MRS. TITUS is the ninth from John Bursley who died in 1660."

The following is transcribed from a letter from Mr. John Bursley to the editor, accompanying the foregoing, under date of November 24, 1943:

"I have all the records of our own line in the house; have got at this time what I have written from Josiah Bursley (6) to the present from the West Barnstable cemetery.

"Let me say that everyone who has passed, except the first John, was buried in the West Barnstable cemetery.

"I caused three new slate stones to be placed at the graves of John Bursley, Jr. (2), Joseph Bursley (3), Joseph Bursley, Jr. (4). These were placed directly in front of the old slates that were beginning to crumble.

"My son, Allyn P., has done quite a lot of research on these lines and has a very complete card index of same.

"As he is now in Juneau, Alaska, making plans for a National Park some 300 miles long by 20 miles wide, and expects to remain there 'till November, 1944. I could not contact him, for his genealogical notes are at his home in Richmond, Virginia.

"He has been in the National Park Service since July, 1934. . .
"My own line:

- (5) JOHN BURSLEY
- (6) HEMAN BURSLEY
- (7) CHARLES H. BURSLEY
- (8) WILLIAM T. BURSLEY
- (9) JOHN BURSLEY, the writer
- (10) ALLYN P. BURSLEY, my son, now in Alaska
- (11) JOHN B. BURSLEY, U. S. Navy, my grandson

1641069

(signed) JOHN BURSLEY"

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JOHN BURSLEY OF WEST BARNSTABLE THE NINTH GENERATION OF HIS LINE

No story of the Bursley family can be complete without a sketch of this distinguished and venerable gentleman of the old school—patriarch, philosopher, and friend of man. The writer has never known him intimately, but has casually known him and known of him for many years.

John Bursley was born January 27, 1859. He has always lived in West Barnstable on the farm owned by the first John, and where eight generations of Bursleys in America before him have lived. He has made provision for the farm and the large, attractive old home, with its historic relics and antiques, to pass on to his son, Allyn, of the tenth generation.

He was appointed a member of the State Board of Agriculture in 1892, and continued on the Board until the Department of Agriculture was organized on its present basis in 1917, and then was appointed as one of the eight members of the Advisory Board by Governor Calvin Coolidge, and has been reappointed by successive governors to the present time—over half a century of service. He has been town auditor of Barnstable for decades. He has administered many estates and knows more of Barnstable history and people than any other man living, and is known in agricultural circles throughout the state. He has had charge of West Barnstable cemetery for 68 years, since he was seventeen years old.

Standing well over six feet tall, with strong, clean-cut features, cropped beard, twinkling dark eyes, ready smile, and dignified bearing, his has always been a figure to note; and his modulated voice and perfect diction are equally notable.

Several years ago he sustained a physical impairment which would have condemned most men, even young men, to a future in a wheelchair or bed for the remainder of their time. Today, the almost incredible fact is that, at nearly eighty-five years of age, Mr. Bursley, as smiling, witty, and keen as ever, drives his own car and is about his many affairs throughout the town and the state.

The story of such a man should be preserved, and the editor takes this opportunity to here record it.—P. H. T.

Columbia Valley

AN INTIMATE SKETCH OF

HISTORY, PEOPLE AND MEMORIES

CAPTAIN ABEL HOBART was getting along in years when, in 1833, his third son, Harvey, bought a "set of mills" and built his grist-mill on Sims Stream in the growing settlement of Columbia Valley, a mile and a half north of the family homestead. Furthermore, Harvey intended to build a home of his own in the Valley, and Abel did not like to be separated from the son who had taken over many of his responsibilities. To add to his unhappiness, Andrew Jackson had just been inaugurated President for a second term, and that gripped the old Whig no end!

He disliked to leave the new, two-story house, built in 1823, with its colonial doorway, fan lights, and fixings, but if Columbia Valley was going to be the metropolis of the North—and they were talking about it as a county seat—he'd show 'em! He had already closed down his potato whiskey distillery on the little brook just north of his house, because he was personally a strict teetotaller and had become convinced that liquor was a bad thing. Of course, being a devout Congregationalist and one of the founders and pillars of the church, he always kept a jug of the stuff on hand so he could demonstrate his hospitality when the parson called. Yes, things were moving, and the old pioneer, hunter, story-teller, and speculator would show 'em.

He was then sixty-four, but he figured he was good for another quarter of a century—and he was. He bought the best building site in the Valley, sizable acreage on Sims Stream, and built a commodious home and tavern which was known as the Hobart Inn. The Inn soon became the northern terminus of the stage line, which made the Valley an important place indeed.

In 1801, Charles Thompson had built on Sims Stream the first saw- and grist-mill at the Valley on the site afterward occupied by the mills of Colonel Hazen Bedell. Prior to that, the settlers had had to go over thirty miles to Lancaster to have their grain ground.

In 1807, the firm of Bellows and Carlisle was authorized by the selectmen to sell spiritous liquors, and opened up a general store at the Valley, in the building which in later years constituted a wing of the home of Albert P. Titus. This is the earliest record of such an authorization, which probably means that Bellows and Carlisle were the town's first merchants; for, in those days, rum and molasses were the prime essentials of any merchant's stock. Potato whiskey could be purchased at any one of the numerous distilleries, but the general stores also sold it, as rum was somewhat of a luxury, while potato whiskey could be purchased for ten cents a quart or twenty-five cents a gallon. Pioneering and Indian fighting were thirsty callings, and, while there were a few teetotallers like Captain Abel, "licker" as such was entirely respectable, although drunkenness was severely frowned upon. Also, in the early days there was no revenue tax on spirits, and when it was imposed, it was nominal. Naturally, "licker" could not be heavily taxed if communities were to grow, for how could a house be "raised" if the "raising party" had to do it on cider? Besides, apples were few and must be dried in the attic to make pies through the winter—and, anyway, who would want to raise a house or barn on cider?

Prior to 1810, James Lewis built the first tannery in northern Coös at the Valley. It was located on the north side of Sims Stream, west of the highway. "Uncle Jimmy" tanned hides on shares during the summers and made his shares of leather into



DOROTHY MADALENE TITUS
Born 1905 — Twelfth Generation
Photograph Taken in 1940

boots and shoes during the long winters. In 1842, Huse Lull built a small potato-starch mill on Sims Stream just above the mill-pond of the Thompson (later the Bedell) mill, but after a few years his dam was washed out in a freshet, and Huse returned to his pedlar's cart which was a North Country institution for two generations. Vestiges of the mill's foundations still remain. Other business came, flourished, and disappeared. Captain Abel Hobart carried on.

His son, Harvey, joined him in his enterprizes, and they ran the inn, farm, mill, general store, blacksmith, sled building and carriage repair shops, and, in spite of the fact that the Whigs were outnumbered, the politics of the town. The latter item requires an explanation. An Irish colony, with large families and many votes, had largely populated Jordan Hill. They were, one and all, opposed to the Whigs as a party. There came a famine year when crops failed and game was scarce. Harvey was one of the wealthiest men in town. He supplied their wants, gave them food and seed, and then marked their accounts off his books; for all they had were their farms, and he would not take them away. This terrible winter nearly marked the end of Harvey's prosperity, but the Jordan Hill Irish Catholics never forgot; and Harvey's son, Horace Mills—the "Old Squire"—of a later day, could always depend on their descendants in a political pinch; and he never called upon them unless the need was imperative and the issue vital.

Time went on. Lancaster was, and continued to be, the county seat, but the upstart village of Colebrook, near Columbia's north line and one and a half miles from the Valley, had a sudden growth and became the county seat for the northern district of Coös; but the Valley had Columbia's town house, shaded in front by the most gigantic and stately elm in the North Country—and what a battleground that old town house was! When it was razed to make way for a new one around the turn of the century, United States Senator Irving W. Drew said it should be preserved as an historic museum piece because of its hectic past.

For generations the little town's political importance was vastly disproportionate to its size. It was entitled to one representative in the legislature. The state was so evenly split between Democrats and Whigs, later Republicans, that a handful of votes in the legislature could control and could name the United States Senators. Coös County was Democratic; Columbia, though normally Democratic for many years, was liable to go one way or the other by from two to a dozen votes. Therefore, political leaders of county and state would concentrate on the winning of Columbia's one representative.

Yes, town meeting day in the Valley was a notable event. The local families were all close friends and many of them related by blood or marriage ties, but on town meeting day eyes were narrowed and jaws were set. Everyone held an open house with free food for all comers—except those on the other side. The rougher element would be liquored up by noon, and their fistic debates were usually held back of the town house or in its basement, entered through a bulkhead door. Constables were neutral or conveniently preoccupied. The most historic clash was when Albert P. Titus and high sheriff, Samuel I. Bailey, two dignified proponents of law and order, mixed it up on the rostrum, and in the midst of voting, the only official check-list of voters was destroyed. As legend has it, "A. P." won the bout, but the sheriff was guilty of tearing up the check-list, and so—there were no prosecutions!

Columbia Valley, the once "coming metropolis of the North Country," remained a snug, attractive, tiny hamlet. Captain Abel died in 1858; Harvey Hobart died as a result of an accident; Horace Mills Hobart became the head of the family. In 1860, Colonel Hazen Bedell, who then owned a sizable saw- and grist-mill on the site of

the old Thompson mill, built a large potato-starch mill as an addition to the others. Albert Pitkin Titus moved to the Valley from the present Lang farm, half a mile south, in 1866.

Colebrook grew and prospered; Columbia Valley's days of prospective grandeur were over, but life moved along in the little community quite happily. In 1879 a boy arrived (the fifth generation in the town), and he will now tell his children something of the Valley as he has known it.

He will begin by a digression. This book will, because of its genealogical factual data which is the fruit of many years of research, verifying, checking, and cross-checking, be placed in the libraries of many institutions which value and make use of such material, but it is primarily written for his children and the hoped-for future generations. It is not for sale, and so the writer of this sketch, who is also the editor and publisher of the book, makes no apology for departing from the conventional scope of genealogical publications by including this personal touch of love, memory, nostalgia, and reverence.

The boy who arrived in 1879 must preface his reminiscences by asking his children to accept his word for his almost incredible memory of some things. He is known for his absent-mindedness and his tendency to forget what someone said five minutes before. He keeps an elaborate "tickler" system to remind him of business details, and often makes the comment that he never trusts his memory. That is true, though some of his associates have the impression that his memory is infallible. (One of his dearest friends used to joke that he was more fortunate than the writer, for he always trusted *his* memory, but no one else did!) Nevertheless, it is a freakish fact that he has always clearly remembered isolated instances and impressions from the time when he was an infant unable to talk, and, by detailed description of events, has been able to convince his skeptical elders.

When his parents were first married, they lived for a few years in the wing of the Buffington house, just north of the old Hobart house, which was once the Hobart Inn, but he was born in the home of Horace Mills Hobart, his grandfather. The first memory which he retains (but which he expects no one to believe) is of lying on pillows at the head of a couch in his grandfather Hobart's "sitting" room and being awakened in the lamplight by a very nice young woman who was petting him and softly weeping a little. He liked her, wished she would stop weeping between smiles—for she looked happy—and wished she would keep on caressing his head and let him go back to sleep. He did not know her, nor know why she was laughing a little, crying a little, and hovering over him. She was his mother. He was less than one year old. His mother had been an invalid much of the time since his birth, and, after many weeks, had just returned from a hospital in Nashua, New Hampshire, where she had gone for a surgical operation.

He has always retained a few other memories of his infancy while he lived with his Hobart grandparents during his mother's illness and convalescence. He remembers how impressed he was by the beauty of the wall-paper in his bedroom. Actually it was ordinary, but its bright blue and white flowers entranced him. During the day he was sometimes deposited on a couch in the kitchen under the watchful eye of the housekeeper, and one day came the great adventure. Some visiting relative had a consultation with his invalid grandmother. Then, big, thick, soft blankets were spread on the floor beside the couch which was in a warm, cozy jog, and he was put on them and then coaxed by the relative to come to her. Of course he did not know that the object was to have him learn to creep, but he did know that it was delightful to be on the floor. When he did creep, or try to, it was not in response to entreaties to "come," but because of a wonderful discovery and his desire to investigate. At the



BURSLEY HOWLAND TITUS
Born 1923 — Twelfth Generation
Photograph Taken in 1941

end of the jog was a door that led to back stairs and the woodshed, which was an unfinished but integral part of the ell. The house cat ran across the blankets toward the closed door, passed right through it and disappeared. Such a startling phenomenon might well excite not only an infant, but any adult who had never been in a well regulated rural kitchen and been educated in the mysteries of a "cat-hole", the tiny section of a door's lower panel which is so hinged, at the top that pussy can push it open to go in and out and it will automatically close. Such strange discoveries and adventures never come to babies who are kept in cribs or on couches, but only to big boys who are put on the floor to creep!

Oddly enough, that boy could never clearly remember much about the later time when he lived in the Buffington house. Just two events there stand out in his memory. One was when his kindly great-aunt Diana came in with a plate of new, fresh cheese, cut in little cubes, and he was permitted to sample it. He vividly recalls sitting in his high chair at the end of the table and enjoying the cheese so much that he kept teasing for more. He had good reason to remember the incident, for he so over-indulged that he was made ill—and for nearly thirty years after that feast he could not bear the sight or smell of cheese. The other occasion was one night when there was a brilliant moon shining through the elms in the yard, and he literally demanded what is so often figuratively expressed—he wanted the moon, and cried in anger because no one would get it for him!

His father purchased a house, formerly known as the Osgood place, next door to his grandfather Hobart's, and, after alterations, it became the boy's home and was the home of his parents for over thirty years. The boy was then around three years of age. He remembers nothing of moving to the new home, but one event which took place there the summer following his third birthday is crystal clear in his memory, and the approximate date has been verified. It was symbolic of two of his future hobbies. One summer evening, just before dusk, his father returned from Colebrook Village and called the boy out to the front yard (in those days dooryards were not styled "lawns"), and there, beside a bush of beautiful roses at the right of the walk, was Sancho! A dog of his own! Delight without bounds! Pup and boy adopted each other instantly, and almost as quickly they were rolling and tumbling together on the grass.

Sancho lived to be sixteen and a half years old, and their mutual devotion never faltered. Sancho was really a handsome dog, as existing photographs show. He was a mixture of English water spaniel, setter, and farm collie, and all dog. He died late in 1898, when his master was away from home, working in Boston, reporting sports events for the *Post* under George V. Touhey, the dean of sports editors of that day. Subsequently, Sancho's master has owned many fine dogs, and, to observe the symbol, an accompanying hobby has been the raising of hybrid tea roses. He restored to America the nearly extinct grand old breed of English mastiff, importing many fine specimens and breeding many more, among them, the only American-bred mastiff to win an official championship in all history. She was the peerless Champion Manthorne June. The publishers of Encyclopedia Britannica have just requested and been granted formal permission to publish her photograph to represent the mastiff breed in their forthcoming edition. "Grip" (Agrippa of Saxondale), whose photograph appears in this volume, has passed on to the bow wow's heaven, but his beautiful head and coat are in the possession of Yale University's Peabody Museum of Natural History to be mounted on a mannikin modeled to conform to his true structure, and is to be preserved in their museum for all time as the standard representative of his breed. Incidentally, the writer has long been the President of the Mastiff Club of America. But let us get back to Columbia Valley and Sancho.

Together boy and dog roamed the fields, searched for wild strawberries in the Bedell pasture on the narrow plateau which skirts the base of beautiful Mill Hill, rising precipitously from the south bank of Sims Stream, scouted cautiously a little way up the logging road which follows the stream, and slew countless imaginary redskins among the giant boulders at the head of the mill pond. Many others bit the dust before the fire of the boy's personally-designed, trusty wooden rifles in the field back of his house and on the hog-back hill beyond. Such military campaigns, like most others, were frequently slowed down by the need of gathering—and consuming—supplies. The apples had to be sampled in the orchard, Canada plums considered still further back, and choke-cherries salvaged right in the heart of the Indian country along the line fence between his grandfather's field and the Parsons' meadow. Sancho generally returned unscathed, but his companion often struggled back with bloodstained breast, and another boy's blouse was consigned to the laundry basket. The grim frontiersman modestly kept secret the notches on his gun stock, and Sancho wouldn't tell. Let them think that the gore was plum juice or cherry stain if they wanted to!

In haying time, boy and dog followed Grandfather Titus' crews to tumble in the haycocks and hunt woodchucks. The boy was also custodian of the pail of water, molasses, ice and ginger, a nectar supreme for hayfield gods which he frequently sampled. In the fall they ambushed redskins in the forests of cornstalks or tumbled about in heaps of fragrant pine needles under the two towering giant white pines between their house and Grandfather Hobart's. In the winter, they dug caves in the huge snow-drifts against the high south fence, or the boy went sliding or "hooking" rides on passing pungs with the dog racing after him.

The small boy was frequently told that he was a "spoiled" youngster. He probably was, and Sancho shared some of the edible spoils. What boy wouldn't be spoiled if he were the only very small boy in Columbia Valley; with two fond grandparents next door; then, next after the town house, two more grandparents; and just across the road from his home, a great-grandmother and a doting great-aunt; a second great-aunt just beyond; and each household rivaling the others in its cookery and hospitality? The houses were not far apart, but their meal hours were so nearly uniform that short legs had to hurry to "happen" to make the rounds in time to find out which table offered the day's special temptations—and had to really hurry if one were to dine in two places!

Dinner, of course, was the midday meal, and eating double occasionally was not such a bad practice; in fact, it was good practice to fit one for the Gargantuan feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas. The latter was a festive occasion more or less restricted to close family groups, but Thanksgiving Day was the great day when parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and close friends foregathered for the endless, traditional courses, and a boy needed practice to do justice to all of them and still have room for a second helping of pumpkin pie, sweetened with maple sugar.

Until December, 1887, the nearest railroad station was at North Stratford, on the Grand Trunk, thirteen miles south of Colebrook. The boy's father ran freight teams between the two towns, and on rare occasions the boy was permitted to make the trip on one, if Alba Lull were driving; and Sancho would not only follow the team, but run triple the distance flushing birds along the roadside. The best fun on a summer day would be when the return freight was a wagon-body full of loose, whole corn—it made such a soft, clean bed for a boy to dig into.

The stagecoach—a real old Concord coach—ran from West Stewartstown through Colebrook and Columbia to North Stratford. It passed through the Valley about 5:30 A.M. Sometimes the rattle of wheels in summer or jingle of bells in winter

and the hoof-beats of four horses would wake the boy as the stage plunged down the little pitch from the blacksmith shop and tore along at top speed, gathering momentum to give it a start up long Valley Hill across Sims Stream. Hiram ("Hite") Blanchard was the driver, and he dearly loved to demonstrate his skill.

Then came the railroad. It soon became part of the Maine Central System, but it started as the Upper Coös Railroad, running from North Stratford through Columbia, Colebrook, and Stewartstown to the Canadian Line at Beechers Falls, Vermont. That was the boy's personal railroad—he felt that he had helped build it.

Rival interests were fighting for control, different surveys had been made, political scandals were brewing, and there had been great excitement. One day in July, 1887, the boy's father was very busy. Strangers drove in, talked, and drove away. His father started across the fields toward the Parsons' meadows which stretched to the Connecticut River. The boy followed. When they got just beyond the point of his grandfather's hog-back hill, they came upon a group of men, a few horses, including some of his father's with their teamsters, and a lot of shovels, scrapers, and other equipment. They were waiting for something and talking earnestly. The boy's dad greeted a Mr. Sweatt (whom the boy later knew was the general manager of the new railroad), and the latter handed him a new, shiney spade and said, "Now, Ethan, drive that in right by this stake, so you can tell your grandchildren that you turned the first shovelful of earth on the Upper Coös Railroad." His dad complied with a grin, and the boy felt quite important to have been linked with such an historic event.

Yes, indeed, the boy helped build the road. He was almost eight years old. George Van Dyke, the "Lumber King", was president of the Upper Coös, and the boy's father, like most lumbermen in that region, had been more or less associated with him in the industry, which probably accounts for it. His father knew nothing of rail construction, but in some indefinite way had supervision of the general progress of the work and of the organization and maintenance of the camps. He had several good driving horses and was on the road most of the time, going from one end of the line to the other. He was a grand pal, and day in and day out the boy rode with him.

In 1887, railroad building was quite different from what it is in 1943. Then there were no tractors, bulldozers, power-operated cranes or derricks, auto-trucks, or great rail-laying machines. There were no power drills, digging machines, or dirt conveyors. A few puny and primitive steam shovels could be used, but most of the job was done by pick and shovel, horse- or mule-drawn scrapers, and hand drilling. The latter was a perilous job for the man who held the drill while two or three huskies swung mighty sledges in unison on the drill-head. The Upper Coös followed the Connecticut Valley, but there were many hills to cut through and granite ledges to blast. All of this meant many hundreds of laborers to do what a few score could do today. And what a motley crew they were! They were literally raked from the ends of the earth. One shipload even came from Trinidad, comprised of all the racial elements of that island's heterogeneous population, except the Hindu Yogis. There were even two Zulus, straight from Zululand. They were a notable pair. One, a giant of almost super-human strength, his face scarred by smallpox, was said to have been a chief of that famed South African warrior race. The other was a man of medium size, almost patrician features, and great strength. They were both very black, but not negroid, and their intelligence made amends for their inability to speak English. They were a good-natured pair, but the toughest knife-wielders or sluggers gave them wide berth. They were said to have "jumped ship" in Montreal. The giant disappeared when the road was built, but the younger and smaller man, called "Johnny Zubane", worked for many years for a local farmer. He educated himself,

was a neat, unostentatious dresser, a regular church attendant, and a quiet, efficient and respected person, who kept a friendly but aloof dignity, saved his wages, pursued his studies, and finally vanished as abruptly as he had arrived in a land so strange to him.

Construction camps mushroomed overnight every few miles along the right of way, and the polyglot hordes swarmed in. Local deputy sheriffs packed their Smith and Wessons, and farmers oiled their Winchesters or cleaned their shotguns, for in that land of good hunting, every home had a gun or an arsenal; but the horde came and went with but little trouble except among themselves.

It was in this period the boy learned a lesson in mob psychology that has been useful to him in later years. One large crew working on a deep cut near the Dr. Snow place in South Columbia had been very troublesome. It was largely composed of Portuguese, Italians, and Trinidadians. The boy was with his father one day when the latter drove down to the camp on the meadow to see how things were going. They chanced to arrive at a critical moment. Mr. Van Dyke and Mr. Sweatt, the general manager, had arrived just before them and were consulting a couple of foremen who had come running for their lives from the cut. Part of the crew had not only gone on a strike because one of the foremen had discharged a man who disregarded orders and defied him, but they had driven both foremen from the cut by threatening them with knives and shovels.

With no hesitation, the three men in authority hurried out to the cut. The boy was supposed to stay at the camp, but, boy-like, he let them get a start and then ran after them. He caught up with them as they reached the edge of the excavation. The crew were milling about gesticulating, chattering and tossing their tools in all directions. Mr. Sweatt called to them and told them to go to work. They looked up, saw the three men, and then bedlam let loose. The ringleader, a squat, heavy-shouldered Portuguese, grabbed a pickaxe and, waving it over his head, charged up the bank, followed by a dozen or fifteen others, shouting that they would kill. It was a tense and terrible moment for the boy. He could not run and leave his dad. The three men were unarmed. He looked wildly around for a stone to throw, but there were none on the grassy hillside. Then he looked at his father and the other two. They stood motionless and apparently unconcerned. Just as the guerrilla in the lead reached the top of the bank, but before he had a foothold on the edge, Van Dyke, who was in the center of the trio, roared "Get back!" At the same instant the boy's father took a short step forward. The wild-eyed would-be killed stepped backward, his feet slipped in the soft earth on the embankment, and he nearly tumbled to the bottom. His followers stopped in their tracks. Mr. Sweatt spoke to them as quietly as though commenting on the weather, ordered them back to work—and they went! The lesson: mobs are always cowardly, and all mobsters are individually cowards.

The boy will relate one other incident, not witnessed by him, which occurred at this camp, which might have been tragic, but fortunately was chiefly humorous. He relates it primarily because this sketch of times that were would be incomplete if it did not contain at least one story about Old Ed.

One of the gentle pastimes of these scions of the buccaneers was to throw out or drive out the camp's cook, and occasionally the cookees as well. The boy's father sent for Old Ed. Ed was not really old (probably in his forties), but as "Old Ed" he was known far and wide in the world of lumberjacks and river-drivers.

Ed was a woods-cook whom crews did not "send down the tote road." He was an excellent cook, although unpredictable. If the wanderlust struck him, coupled with a desire for strong waters, he might vanish without warning, but he was never driven. He was also a stickler for decorum in the cook's camp, which is also the



ALBERT PITKIN TITUS
1827-1898 — Ninth Generation
Photograph Taken About 1888



SUSAN LOVINA (GOULD) TITUS
1834-1923 — Ninth Generation
Photograph Taken About 1888

dining camp, and had ways of his own of maintaining it. For example, he was once cooking in a lumber camp with a crew mainly composed of French-Canadians who did not know him. He was famous for his toothsome mince pies. There came a meal one night when they were missing. The crew started banging their tin plates and chanting "All gone pie, all gone pie." Ed warned them that they must mind their manners; they would have no pie the next night, and there would be no more demonstrations. The next night, however, they started the chant again and made a great uproar. On the shelf over the cook-range several sticks of dynamite were piled to thaw out for the use of the road-swampers the next morning. Ed warned them once, and then said, "Damn yez, I'll give yez 'all gone pie'," opened the top of the stove and dumped the dynamite into the fire. Those who did not get knocked out in the rush for the doors, did not slacken speed for the first mile covered. The dynamite, without percussion caps, simply burned like good kindling, as Ed knew it would—with luck!

When Ed answered the call and arrived at the camp of trouble, all went well for a few days. The buccaneers from the Azores, the Caribbean, and way stations had been eating the product of a surviving cookee since their last bit of playfulness, and they were happy to have Ed's good cooking. But habit is hard to overcome for long. The tall, spare, dour-looking Irishman, with the thin aquiline features of an aristocrat, the frayed, untrimmed moustache, and one leg that dragged slightly from an old wound, looked like good fun.

Ed was ready for them. They trooped in one day and lined up at the long, straight, rough board tables, ate their fill, and called for more. The cookees piled more food on the tables and then the old game began—with a different ending. They started hurling biscuit and potatoes at the cookees, at the windows, and at the cook. Ed yelled "Stop! The next man that throws things will get hurt." Then they all threw at Ed. From behind the cookstove Old Ed snatched a concealed short-handled spade and charged down the center between the tables, swinging right and left. Never did a pirate crew abandon ship so hastily as they piled out of the cookhouse. One of them dove under a table, but Ed jabbed a long meat cleaver through a wide crack, and he moved out also. Some went to the bunk-house, and a doctor dressed various cuts and wounds. The others went to work; and when they came in for the night meal, they were meek and peaceful. They remained so. One man had a broken arm and had to leave camp. He was the only one seriously injured, and he added a bit more comedy by swearing out a warrant for Old Ed's arrest. The local constables did not relish the idea of arresting him, both for reasons of personal safety and because they knew of what had happened to other cooks who had been manhandled by the gang. Finally, an out-of-town sheriff was ordered to make the arrest. He was Sheriff Beattie, a small, elderly man who would go after the Devil himself if required to.

A man who was delivering supplies at the camp told of the arrest. Sheriff Beattie drove up in a two-wheeled chaise, got out, hitched his horse and started for the cook-camp with a revolver in one hand and handcuffs in the other. With Sheriff Beattie, a gun was for business purposes only, as everyone knew. Ed was rolling out biscuit opposite the door. His back was partly turned, but over his shoulder he saw the sheriff. He looked around and said, "I thought they'd sind for you," and kept on rolling dough. Beattie told him that he was under arrest, and ordered him to come out at once. Ed replied, "I'll not go anywhere until I get these biscuits in the oven, and I won't go then alive if ye don't put that damned pop-gun in yer pocket and kape it there—an yez'll put no bracelets on me." Ed got his biscuit in the oven and said, "Now I'll go with ye peacefully, Beattie. Yez is a man after me own heart, and I'd made up me mind that they'd have to sind for you before I'd let any man arrest me

for bustin' that dago an kaping order in me camp." They rode away cordial friends. The boy's father promptly paid Ed's fine, and he was back in time to serve supper to the reformed sinners.

When the boy was a little fellow, he used to walk half a mile to the district school just south of the Lang farm. At first he was accompanied by his cousin, Mel, who made his home with their Grandfather Titus. Mel was five years his senior. They were the only small boys in the Valley, and were constant companions. Their young Uncle George was six years older than Mel, and sometimes played the part of big brother to both. Half way to school it was important to stop at a little spring by the roadside opposite Lang's meadow road for a drink; not because the boys were thirsty, but because there was always half a coconut shell cupped on a stake to drink from, and that made water taste so much better! On the return trip in the afternoon, the boy would stop to see his Aunt Adella (Titus) Lang and have his fill of her delicious cookies or of maple syrup and "plain" doughnuts. There were only eight or ten children in the old red schoolhouse, where a generation before the average was thirty-five. He learned many interesting things there. He learned how to cork an ink bottle so tightly that when it was placed on the box stove to thaw the ink on a winter morning, it would blow out with such force that the ink would hit the ceiling. He learned all the nicest trees to climb in Wallace's pasture, and how to make dams and conduct miniature log drives in spring on the tiny pasture brook. Will and Annie Wallace were his playmates. When he was nine or ten years old, he went to the village school, where Mel had preceded him. Not long after that, Mel, his dearest friend, went to Lowell, Massachusetts, to join his father.

Columbia Valley's population and importance had diminished before the boy was born, but there was still much of interest. The Bedell mills, the humming board-saw, the rumbling mill stones, the splashing water-wheels made music. The starch factory, with its dryhouse and starch-covered workers, had a touch of the picturesque.

In winter, the four- and six-horse teams poured down the logging road on the south bank of Sims Stream, the huge sleds with wide bunks piled high with giant spruce and fir on their way from the "yards" in distant Odell township to the landings on the Connecticut. Those were the last days of big timber. The virgin spruce logs would measure up to sixty feet in length and would be piled as high as skill could chain them. A very different sight from the short lengths now cut for hauling by motor truck.

In spring came "the drive". Towns along the upper waters of the Connecticut were overrun by hundreds of red-shirted lumber-jacks out from a winter in the woods to spend their earnings, fight, frolic, and drink until the ice went out in the river, and the fallen forest giants could be started on their long journey to mills in Massachusetts. Crews in big bateaus steered by Penobscot Indians came down the river, Huge "wangan" wagons drawn by six horses traveled the main road through the Valley, followed by scores of river-drivers on their way to break jams and keep the logs in motion. Those were exciting times for small boys, and if the jam was nearby, it was hard for parents to keep small boys away from them and their dangers. And that reminds the narrator that he was one small boy who, with Mel, actullay broke a jam. It was a small affair, but was satisfactorily exciting.

The earliest lesson in morals which he was taught was that one must always keep his word when once given. He never forgot that. A fond mother was so careful of his welfare that, if she were going away, or if alluring adventure of too dangerous a nature were in sight, she would issue a list of prohibitions and exact his promise to obey them. He always kept his word, but what a lot of fun he would have missed had he not had a vivid imagination which enabled him nearly always to think of

something quite as exciting, which she had left off the list. One spring, when he was about ten years old, there was a great log jam on the Connecticut just south of the Valley. The meadows were flooded: to even get within sight of it was hazardous for a little fellow, and he was duly pledged to keep away. What his mother did not know was that there was another jam nearer at hand. Sims Stream was too rocky and too narrow for driving, even in flood times, except after it entered the meadowland west of the highway. Even that part was seldom used for log landings, but in the previous winter some small operator had made landings on the south bank on his grandfather's meadow. When the spring floods came, a crew rolled the logs into the stream, and they piled up in a jam within a hundred yards of their starting point. It was a peculiarly stubborn little jam. A crew worked on it a day or two without a break. They were needed on the big jam and quit the little one for the time being, probably intending to use dynamite later.

Mel and the small boy talked about trying their luck. George laughed at them, but went along to see that things were safe. The jam surely looked safe enough. The stream was packed solid from bank to bank, and George had no fears that two kids could start something which drivers couldn't. They all found peaveys and went out on the head of the jam. There is always a "key log," and they looked for it. George became mildly interested and experimented a little, but soon tired of it. He called to the younger boys and started to go. They had a different idea. They had persistently worked on one log, and it began to give a trifle. George called again—and then things happened. The kids *had* loosed the key log. The whole mass started downstream; logs rolling, twisting, churning, driven by the surge of the partially pent flood waters behind them. George, who had just got ashore, could do nothing. The kids wore rubber boots, not rivermen's spiked shoes, and they were not white-water "log-cuffers," but they sprinted over the seething, tumbling timber, and by a miracle kept their feet. They were carried downstream a bit to where the banks were overflowed. George was fighting his way through the alder brush that lined the bank to keep up with them. Mel jumped, landed in water, but on the bank. The small boy jumped an instant later in deeper water, but caught an alder, and Mel pulled him up to higher ground.

Well, the jam was broken, the boy had kept his word, had had a lot of fun, and felt quite proud of the achievement; but his water-soaked clothes had to be accounted for—ah, well, boys have their problems.

By the time the boy had reached his ninth birthday, he and Sancho and the make-believe rifles had killed off most of the make-believe Indians, and for his birthday present his Grandfather Hobart gave him a brand new, specially-made, lightweight, real shotgun, trained him in its proper handling, and told him to hunt all he wanted to up Sims Stream, but not further than a mile from home. So Sancho and the boy had new worlds to conquer. His mother protested, but even that imperious little lady never really questioned any brief, soft-spoken edict from the old squire. For some reason no one ever did. He seldom gave one; when he did it was simply accepted as entirely final. After his wife's death, he came to live with the boy and his parents. In the years that followed, his grandson was the old gentleman's devoted disciple.

He was a man of medium stature, quiet demeanor, and few words. He had a fondness for horses and usually had one or two alleged fast trotters which he loved to exercise. A reasonable guess would be that he had them as much for the fun of trading as of racing. Horse "swapping" was, in those days, a year around sport. He was not a confirmed addict, but just "happened" to swap rather often. He was an insatiable reader, and possessed a modest, but well chosen library. His interest in politics was deep and serious. He was a staunch Republican, but it is suspected that,

to help his grandson on a few occasions, he voted for Democrats. As a voter, his grandson started as he has continued, an independent with Republican leaning, and was never greatly impressed by dogmas, slogans, or party names.

The boy was twenty-one on election day in 1900. At that time, the town was strongly Republican and controlled by a rather closely knit group which included some of the boy's relatives. The boy felt that they had given an unfair deal in the party caucus to an elderly candidate for the Republican nomination for representative in the legislature. The shocked and disillusioned old man was quite unable to strike back, so the boy, not yet a voter, conceived the rather fantastic notion of doing it for him.

The odds looked insuperable, but he went ahead. His father expostulated, but did not dream there was any remote chance of his success, so paid scant attention. The word got around, and it was considered a rather silly joke. However, the boy got a voting list and tried to figure out just who did not like who and why. He approached a Democrat in South Columbia who had considerable influence and of whom the boy was fond. That gentleman said there was but little possibility of winning, but that he would help. The boy then picked as Democratic candidate for representative a young business man in the east part of the town, whom he cordially disliked, but who might swing a certain group of Republicans to his side. Soon the campaign at least acquired the dignity of being an annoyance. His father strongly disapproved and tried to stop him. The squire was old and had retired from politics. He disapproved, but his eyes glinted with a little of the old fire when the subject came up. Election drew near, and it looked as though the boy had made an unexpectedly good try, but could not quite win. It was then that his grandfather would call him aside, night after night and make one of his characteristically long speeches. It would go like this:

"Ahem, ahem, ought not to do it, Percy; ought not to do it. Seen so-and-so yet?"

"No."

"Better."

And the boy would see him.

The ring became really disturbed. They knew more about what was happening than the boy had expected them to. They tried a few fast tricks at the last moment, but the boy and his friend, Will Hapgood, put the Democrat in office by a margin of sixteen votes. The boy's family was more or less unhappy, and his father frankly voted for the other candidate, but the old squire's eyes twinkled, as he said, "Ought not to have done it, Percy; ahem, ought not to have done it." And his tight-lipped smile told the rest.

The revolt would have ended then had not a few surprised and angry persons made vague and probably meaningless threats of reprisal, with the result that the boy, though away from home most of the time, retained his legal residence in Columbia for another three years, and managed, by various independent coalitions and other devices, to repeat his success at each election. He suspects that even his father voted with him after a time, but his dad would never admit it.

The boy's Grandfather Titus was a strong character, a strict churchman, and a disciplinarian. He was tall, spare, and possessed of tireless energy. Early photographs show him to have been exceptionally good looking when a young man. In spite of his usually stern exterior, his keen wit and dry humor added pith, point and savor to his laconic expressions, which were proverbial and long quoted.

An example which is typical grew out of a small-boy scrap between one of the younger sons and the son of a certain very pompous citizen with acquisitive tendencies.

During the affray, the party of the first part threw a small stick which hit and slightly scratched the forehead of the party of the second part. The pompous citizen promptly called on "A. P.," leading his young hopeful by the hand, and demanded payment for damage to his son's beauty and peace of mind. Pointing to the scratched forehead, he announced with oratorical thunder, "If that stick had been one inch lower, it might 'er put Bill's eye out. Ten dollars'll settle it terday." "Yes," snorted "A. P.," his chin whiskers tilting upward, "and if it had been one inch higher, 'twouldn't 'er hit him at all. Five dollars'll settle it termorrow!" It did.

He was always in a hurry and expected others to hurry. He had a tremendously powerful voice and would shout orders from such a distance that his men would assert—with some exaggeration—that "A. P." could stand on the hog-back hill and give orders heard all over the farm. He was a fast driver and liked spirited—even dangerous—horses. He had a knack of handling them, and they were never punished. One of his favorites was a kicking mare known as "the Capen mare." She had the gentle habit of clamping a vice-like tail over the reins, holding them in a grip that could not be broken, and then bolting where fancy led her, kicking as she went. The writer vividly recalls the familiar winter scene of his Grandfather Titus standing erect in his favorite pung—he could not take the time to sit—holding the reins too high to be captured, tearing down the road with the Capen mare on the dead run, kicking with both heels at every third jump, and the old man's whiskers, scarf, and coattails streaming straight back in the wind.

"A. P." was an avid reader of current events, especially of politics. He subscribed not only to New Hampshire and New England papers, but, although they would be days late, to New York and Chicago papers as well. The writer's earliest memory of a Presidential campaign is of the Cleveland-Blaine contest in 1884, when he was in his fifth year. It was a matter of daily discussion at his home and in the homes of both grandfathers, but the strongest impression on his young mind was made by the gaily-colored cartoons of Thomas Nast and others, which he never tired of looking at in *Puck* and *Judge*. His Grandfather Titus had both magazines and would explain to him whom and what the different caricatures represented and their meanings. The boy's Grandmother Titus, the soul of kindness, was a nurse to all who were ill and a mother to all who were in trouble.

During the writer's boyhood, Columbia Valley was a tiny, tidy, pleasing little hamlet in a truly beautiful setting. Going north past Willow Farm, the attractive and hospitable home of the Lang family, then for a fourth of a mile under an arch of ancient willows, one would come to Valley Hill curving down to the Valley with Sims Stream at its foot. From the high bank on the right, as one went down the hill, great white birches spread a canopy over the roadway to meet the tops of the birches, spruce and fir on the road's lower border. As the traveler rounded a slight curve half way down, the arching trees framed a picture of the whole Valley below. He would then pass on his left the neat home of the widow Jordan, surrounded by flowers, nestling above the stream. At the right the old logging road skirted beautiful Mill Hill along the stream's bank, and the mill-dam's tumbling torrent came in sight. Crossing the bridge, the moss and vine covered old mill, the mill-pond, raceway and the starch factory, with its outbuilding, were on the right, the A. P. Titus place on the left, and just beyond it the historic and battered old town house.

To the west, beyond the hog-back and the great meadows, Vermont's magnificent Mount Monadnock reared its stately majesty straight up from the west bank of the Connecticut. Continuing on through the Valley, the traveler, in passing the other houses, might glimpse the carefully tended and, for that climate, quite unusual flower garden that was the boy's mother's pride. He would soon dip into the hollow

beyond, then upward past the "East Road" and the large white house and huge barns of the George Parsons place and arrive at the Columbia-Colebrook town line.

(Please permit the writer to digress, parenthetically, to remark that in the eighties and early nineties when one walked down Colebrook's main street on any morning, he would meet a few gentlemen wearing silk or beaver "stove-pipe" hats, morning coats, striped trousers, and canes, and there was a degree of dignity that today is unknown in rural village life.)

The Valley's population had diminished and some of the houses had disappeared since its heyday, but its charm had remained and mellowed. Alas, what changes forty years have made! Time and fire have taken heavy toll. Population and interests have changed. Not one old family remains, although just south of the Valley itself, an able representative of the third generation of Langs on the old farm is successfully applying modern scientific methods to the fertile acres of Asa and his sons, Frank and Fred; and next beyond, a progressive Wallace of the fifth or sixth generation on the ancestral place is carrying on in the footsteps of his forebears and raising a numerous progeny to carry on in future years.

The picturesque old mills burned and were replaced in part by ugly successors which, happily, have also burned. Their site and that of the mill-yard, which, in Colonel Bedell's day, was kept as trim and orderly as a park, are now occupied by tourists' camps. The big, rambling and historic Hobart house, once Captain Abel's Inn, has burned, and a bungalow rests on part of its foundations. The main part of the "Old Squire's" house was torn down by a subsequent owner to make way for a larger one which was never built, and only the former ell remains like an ungainly stub. "A. P.'s" old place has been altered by a false front which might adorn a garage. The once trim white house with green blinds which was the boy's home still stands, but is no longer trim; and the well-kept yards and flowers have vanished.

Many barns and outbuildings throughout the Valley have disappeared or disintegrated. The two giant white pines, under which the boy used to swing and play, long since succumbed to old age; the willows of Willow Farm perished in one season from a fungus blight; and many of the stately elms were felled in the hurricane of 1938. A squatter's shack stands in the hollow where once stood a solid grove of proud white birches. Valley Hill has lost its curves, its canopy of tree tops, its roadside birches and its beauty—sacrificed to modern road building. The mill-dam has gone, and no longer can small boys pull red-speckled trout from the spume at its base. The pond is no more, and even the stream itself, since the tall timber fell, has turned into a flood menace in spring and a trickle in other seasons. The forest giants that once came down the old logging road on great sleds behind four-and six-horse teams are all gone, and most of the puny pulpwood has followed. Yes, but sweet memories remain, and the sunsets over the southern slope of Monadnock are as glorious as ever.



ETHAN ALBERT TITUS
1854-1916 — Tenth Generation
Photograph Taken in 1876
Age 22

Ethan A. Titus

A CHARACTER SKETCH

To have written the story of Columbia Valley and its people and to have omitted all but passing mention of one who, for many years, was its central figure, seems a bit incongruous. It is hard to write objectively and with due restraint of those who are dearest to one, and that central figure was the writer's father. However, I wish to pass on to my children at least a thumbnail sketch of a strong and kindly character—their grandfather. It could more appropriately have been included in the Titus family volume, but here it is.

ETHAN TITUS was a he-man and not only a gentleman, but, in a literal sense, a gentle man. His heart was as tender as it was large. I never saw him display real anger but once, and that was when a big, hulking fellow struck a little boy, a forlorn little waif and a stranger, who had thrown a snowball. Then Father shouted, vaulted the rail of a high porch—the steps would have been too slow—and charged to the rescue. The big brute ran for his life.

Father was patient beyond understanding. He stood about five feet, ten inches, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, somewhat portly and weighed a little over two hundred pounds; yet he would ignore much verbal abuse (but not too much), and if he replied at all, it would be in casual tone and without raising his voice. He was a lumberman. Through the years he dealt with hundreds of lumberjacks—as a tribe, turbulent and tough—but his kindness, patience, and the personal loyalty of his old employees usually insured harmony. On the very rare occasions in which force was unavoidable, the result was quick, quiet, and certain; but regardless of the provocation, I never knew of his really hurting anyone.

I remember particularly one very amusing example of Father's patience. I heard loud and angry words coming from the stable for driving-horses, and looked in the door. A violent-tempered young employee had taken umbrage at some mild rebuke and was raving threats. Father, in the process of adjusting a harness, simply told him not to talk foolishly, and apparently was not looking at the man. Then the angry one, tall, husky, and weighing about 170 pounds, encouraged by such strange behavior, struck. A spare stall was boarded half-way up in which was stored straw for bedding. Father moved his head about three inches, and the blow only grazed him. With speed unbelievable in a middle aged man of his weight, he whirled, caught the young man by the collar and the seat of his pants, heaved him above his head, and tossed him like a baby over the boarding into the pile of straw. Only the man's pride was hurt. He finally scrambled out, covered with straw, his mouth and nose filled with chaff, and actually shedding tears of humiliation. Father ignored him, and the only sign he gave was a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth from repressed laughter. He then discovered that I was a witness, ordered me to say nothing about it, and never afterward mentioned the incident.

A sentimentalist at heart, he abjured all expression of sentiment. He despised ostentation, hypocrisy, sham, and stuffed shirts. He was a master of understatement. Eulogy or flattery left him cold. Hale, hearty, generous beyond his means, he was a genial host, but avoided bores so assiduously that he sometimes embarrassed Mother. Our home was always an open house—to such an extent that it was sometimes laughingly referred to as 'Titus' free hotel—but when the bores appeared, Father disappeared. He had a rare sense of humor, a fund of stories of real characters, and the art of mimicry. He avoided controversial subjects, and had the rare faculty of pro-

ducing a laugh at the right moment and then leaving the field open for others to do most of the talking.

Most men liked him—some did not. The latter always seemed to afford him a degree of pleasure. Once, when a little fellow, I was riding with him when he met one of them. He waved genially and sung out "Goodmorning, Bill." The man scowled and hurried on. Father chuckled like a boy who had pulled the doorbell of a grouch and scampered away. I asked, "Why do you speak to him, Dad?" Father laughed and replied, "It costs nothing, bothers Bill, and is a little fun." This was typical of his philosophy. He had many business cares and serious worries—which he always kept strictly to himself—but at times he seemed as carefree and fun-loving as a boy.

He had a great capacity for affection, and his love of children was unbounded. All children loved him. All women were fond of him, and the feeling was mutual. He and Mother were always sweethearts. For years he was away from home much of the time, usually somewhere between Boston and Quebec, looking after operations, locating promising timberland, raising capital, or finding buyers. We had the first residence telephone in town, and, when a Canadian line was built, we had two. Father would call so frequently over long distance, just to exchange greetings, that Mother would protest against the expense, but she, nevertheless, would blush with pleasure.

When I was a young boy, Father operated nearer home, and I used to visit the camps with him—experiences I treasure in memory. The saga of the tall timber in those days has been preserved in the writings of several authors, but the one who best knew the life as it was then was Holman F. Day. (*Up in Maine, Pine Tree Ballads, King Spruce*, etc.)

Logging is always a gamble, but in the days of horse-drawn, huge sleds, when snow was both a necessity and a menace, it was a very great gamble. Too many thaws and an early spring might mean that much of the winter's cut could not reach market; tremendous storms might bury roads, "yards," and equipment under six feet of snow, and there would be large crews and scores of horses to be fed and wages to be paid through days of idleness, and many more precious days to shovel out, with spring and bare ground approaching rapidly. Timberland speculation was also hazardous, but Father was recognized as one of the country's experts as an estimator of standing timber.

In his buying and selling he was quite successful. In operating he made money and lost it. There were flush times and hard times, and there was one long series of lean years, but he never talked about his troubles and was outwardly his same cheerful, jovial self. I know that at times his back was against the wall, but his determination and resourcefulness always found a way. One very important asset that kept him going in spite of one reverse after another was the faith men had in his basic honesty. Of this I shall relate more.

Father's experience had always been with big timber. The production of four foot pulpwood, like a farmer's woodpile, held no interest for him. But big timber in the Northeast was vanishing. I vividly recall the day when both his aim and the family fortunes changed. He returned home after a brief absence and, as supper was finished that night, he informed Mother that—on a shoestring—he had made a small deal in pulpwood. She gasped and said, "Why, Ethan, you know nothing of the pulp business!" "It's time to learn," he replied. "I have started and I intend to keep going." As we arose from the table, he playfully pinched Mother's cheek and said, "Hattie, your husband is just a pulpwood man now," and walked out laughing.

Father did not acquire wealth in his new field, and he met other serious reverses, but he did get on his feet financially and thereby bequeathed to his children and

to his descendants for all time something better than dollars and something that can never be taken from them. He left an example, a legacy of pride and honor, and a pattern of manhood for them to follow.

This is the story, and the main reason why, after much hesitation, I decided to write this sketch and publish it where it will be preserved and read by his descendants:

Father's first major financial crash came in a winter of unprecedented storms and snowfall, with idle crews to pay, men and horses to feed, and cut timber unmarketed and left to rot, plus an epidemic that carried away thousands of dollars worth of his best horses. He could not pay his bills—he was insolvent! No, not really insolvent—he was alive and still Ethan Titus. Did he go through bankruptcy? He did not: he refused to. He said to his creditors, "Here is what I have, gentlemen. Those who wish to take it can do so; it is less than their due, and the court can divide it among them. I shall not go through bankruptcy. I shall turn in all I have, including such possessions as are exempt by law, and I shall not have a cent, but if any wish to trust me I shall pay them one hundred cents on every dollar if and when I can." A surprising number preferred to trust him, and that trust ran into substantial figures which explains what became of much of the proceeds of his future gains.

For the most of it they had a long time to wait. When he made his comeback those debts were outlawed by the Statute of Limitations, but Ethan paid them cash on the barrel-head. Many of his creditors were his business friends who had told him at the time of the crash that he was foolish not to go through bankruptcy and free himself of the load. They now told him that he owed them nothing, that he was foolish to pay what he did not owe, and some even refused, at first, to accept payment. His reply was, "I owe this money. I should have felt I owed it if I had accepted bankruptcy—and here is my check." As gratifying as it was to Father to pay his outlawed debts to his friends, I suspect that his greatest satisfaction came from calling on a few who were not his friends, and casually and pleasantly handing them their due, and noting their dazed reactions. He would briefly, but happily tell Mother and me the story, but to the rest of the world he was as silent as he always was about such matters.

Some of the most gratifying memories of life come not from important occasions, but from minor, isolated incidents. When Father went broke, I was just a youngster, and, although he was as smiling as ever when he thought he was observed, and, as far as I was concerned, life went on somehow from day to day much as it had before, I was deeply hurt and crushed in spirit. The nightmare winter was over. Spring came, and with it the breaking of ice on the Connecticut, flood water and log-driving. A big crew of riverdrivers had pitched tents and wangan on Mrs. Jordan's land in the Valley, just south of Sims Stream. That night I wandered over to where a large group of redshirts were sitting or standing around a camp fire, swapping yarns, smoking, and relaxing after a hard day. I heard Father's name mentioned as I stood just outside the ring of firelight. It was not strange, as he was known throughout the lumber region of the North Country. Then someone remarked that it was too bad that he had had such tough luck. A big hard-looking man in the front row next to the fire, who had been talking loudly before, broke out cursing Titus and all other operators, but Titus in particular. He said he was glad of it, and that Titus was all through. He kept up his tirade for a time, while I stood helpless and unseen, with tears starting because I was too small to fight him.

Then from the shadows came the champion of right. To me he was like a gallant knight in shining armor. In life, he was a little, dried-up, crippled old teamster, Green Spencer, who had worked for Father at some time, but who was not one of his regular retainers. The old fellow jumped into the circle of light and damned the big man with all the profanity and fighting words in lumberjack vocabulary. He demanded to

know how long the big man had worked for Titus; said, "Now he is broke I suppose blankety blanked blanks like you will forget how he would always give you money above your pay if ye told him there was a sick wife or kid at home, when he knew he would never git it back." He then hopped around in front of the fellow and threatened to punch him. The big man could have crushed poor old Spencer like an eggshell, and I trembled as he jumped up, cursing. But he stopped. An ugly growl ran through the group, and a half a dozen men told him that Spencer was right, and told him to lay off or else. Then a man whom I did not recognize (Spencer was the only one I did) stepped forward and quietly asked the man if he had ever worked for Titus, and, if so, when and where. The hostile one growled that he had never worked for him and didn't want to, and walked away. I wanted to thank good old Green Spencer—who still wanted to fight—but decided to keep out of sight and went home, treading on air.

I knew then that my father had the loyalty of many men. They were rough men and tough men, but the loyalty of such men is as sincere as it is simple. I was no longer crushed. I told Father about it. "Why!" he exclaimed, "Old Green shouldn't have done that—he might have been hurt!"

It goes without saying that Father was not without faults—the faults of a big, broadminded, red-blooded, self-confident, lovable man—but he had none of the faults of the unctuous, petty praters of cant. He was not the pious type; he loved life and loved fun; and, as a lumberman, he was in a hard-hitting, rough-and-tumble business in which, among either management or workers, shrinking violets are unknown and hard drinking is proverbial. Yet he never drank, smoked, nor used profanity. He disclaimed any credit. Whatever other reasons may have actuated his abstinence, I think the principle ones were those he stated: first, he liked the taste of liquor and felt it unsafe to risk acquiring the habit; second, he could not handle it, and third, he could not afford it. I know that his second reason was well founded. In his last years, when he was in poor health, he would sometimes drink one weak highball at bedtime, and its effects were potent. He was so allergic to tobacco that he was a bit sensitive on the subject. As for profanity, he simply said it was "cheap." He sometimes would emit a muttered "damn!"

As a father, he was a grand pal. None could be better. When his boys made mistakes, and his eldest made many, he would say, "Well, sorry, but that's done—why talk about it." Poor discipline? No. What boy wouldn't try to live up to the wishes of such an understanding dad. His advice was this: "If you get in trouble, don't go to some fool kid who doesn't know any more than you do. Come to the old man—he's a pretty good scout." He was; and, to his boys, he was more than just a father; he was a confidant and friend.

Three of Father's outstanding characteristics were his prodigious memory, his resourcefulness, and his far-sightedness. His memory was needful, for he was extremely careless in his accounts and in business details. His resourcefulness pulled him through many a tight spot in the lean years. What always most impressed me in regard to his foresight were his analyses and long-range predictions relative to national and international political trends and developments. He studied those matters rather carefully. He was a political realist who never engaged in political argument, but would sometimes make most surprising predictions which subsequently came true.

His loyalty to friends, I will illustrate by one example. He and a life-long friend had acquired an option of purchase, at an attractive figure, of a large tract of Canadian timberland. They could not finance the purchase, but thought that they had a buyer who could. The deal fell through. At considerable expense they obtained a renewal, but they were again disappointed, and the option again expired. The friend gave up and declined to gamble further in the matter. Father, however, was so certain of the

value of the land that he wanted to try again. The friend told him to go ahead if he wished, but to leave him out. Father, at his sole expense, obtained another short option, and I, through a broker friend on State Street, found a buyer. Father came to Boston, and I met him at his hotel. The sales price gave a very substantial profit. I reminded him that it would have to be split three ways, as the broker was to share equally with each of us. "You mean," he said, "it will have to split four ways." "Who is the fourth?" I asked in surprise. "Why, Walt, of course." I expostulated that he had dropped the whole matter and had nothing to do with the latest option, nor with the selling. Father was adamant. "Go ahead alone if you want to, but if I am in so is Walter. He started on this with me, and if you had had your man lined up earlier, he would have stuck with us." Needless to say, the friend was declared in.

Four or five years before his death, Father was seriously injured in an automobile accident in Canada. He never fully recovered. He managed to transact a little business, but spent much of his time in Boston under medical treatment, and finally moved to Boston two years before he passed away. His affairs were much at loose ends, but for the first time in his life he got down to details and put them in order. He died from an embolism.

The funeral was at Colebrook. The next day I met Mr. Walter Drew, one of the prominent Drew family, long leaders in the affairs of the North Country, and he asked me up to his office. He led me into his private room and left orders that he was not to be disturbed. Mr. Drew was a large, handsome man around sixty. He was a man of many and varied interests and was the Democratic political boss of the northern part of the state. Father was a Republican. Mr. Drew sat by the window, looking out, puffing deeply on a cigar, and I sat opposite. He was silent for a time, then turned his head, and I saw that tears were trickling down his cheeks to his clenched, powerful jaws.

"Percy," he said, "I have not known you in recent years. I understand that you are all right; Ethan thought you were; but, Percy, you can never be the man your father was. Let me tell you a story. Your Dad realized that he might not be here long, and Ed (meaning Warren Edwin Drew) was also failing fast. They had been mixed up together in many deals, contracts, and speculations over many years, sometimes with other partners involved. They had never had a final accounting. Last summer they got together in this office, Ed sat on this side of the table, your father sat where you are. I sat here, although there was really nothing for me to do. As I guess you know, Ethan and Ed both thought that your father owed Ed quite a sum. Ethan wanted to settle while they were both alive. Most of the accounts were outlawed anyhow, but that made no difference to them. Many of their agreements were only verbal, but both had remarkable memories. Ed would say, 'Remember, Ethan, when we were on the train we agreed to this,' and Ethan would say, 'Yes;' or Ethan would say 'I met you on the corner by the bank that night, and we decided to handle it on that basis,' and Ed would say, 'Yes.' Then I would write down item after item. They had some books and papers, but they did not seem very important.

"Percy, those men reviewed twenty years of mixed up and largely informal commitments and agreed at once on every detail. The surprising part of it was that instead of Ethan's owing Ed a few thousand, it turned out that Ed owed your dad \$900.00, and he drew his check and handed it to him before they left the table.

"I shall never witness anything like that again, Percy, nor will you. Two men, who had had their differences at times, but were always friends, each with one foot in the grave, settling complicated affairs of half a business lifetime across a table in one afternoon, and not a word of disagreement. Neither of them were angels, and they were hard-hitters, but the word of each was better than a bond."

The North Country

IN THE

DAYS OF CAPTAIN ABEL HOBART

Those who may be interested in the Hobart family of Columbia will also be interested in the story of the region in which they were pioneers, and in a sketch of the conditions faced and overcome by them in the early days. The editor has been privileged to hear his four grandparents and one great-grandparent recite the stories told them by their fathers and grandfathers, and he is including in this booklet the following article because it faithfully portrays the saga as it was told to him.

The article was read by its author, state registrar of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the dedication of a bronze plaque at Colebrook, marking the New Hampshire end of the Coös Trail, in August, 1940, and published in the (Colebrook) News and Sentinel.

* * *

HISTORY OF THE COOS TRAIL

Written by MRS. J. WENDALL KIMBALL of Lancaster, N. H.

Historians tell us that the East has always been covered with trails. First, were the game trails made by the animals, which frequently converged toward water or salt licks. Then, came the Indian trails. The Indians were a restless race and roamed over a wide territory, hunting, visiting, changing from summer to winter quarters and waging warfare against other tribes. Their trails were not along the ridges but usually held to the valleys, and always to the forests or other shelter.

Almost every locality has its "Indian Trail," a path which by tradition or history was used by the aboriginal settlers of the land and Colebrook is in the path of a much used trail of the Abenakis or St. Francis Indians which is traced from the village of St. Francis in Canada to the head waters of the Connecticut River and down that river to Colebrook. From Colebrook it is traced through Dixville Notch to the Androscoggin at Errol and it was the trail used by the Indians on their hunting and fishing trips to Rangeley Lakes.

The region around Colebrook was called by the early settlers, "The Cohos above the Upper Cohos." The meadows around Lancaster being called "The Upper Cohos," and those at Haverhill and Newbury "The Cohos." The Cohos meadows included Bradford and Piermont.

The name "Coös" is derived from the Indian word Co-h-o-s or Co-ash of the dialect of the Abenakis, a confederacy of the tribes once inhabiting New Hampshire Western Maine and the country northerly to the St. Lawrence River.

The section between Cohos and the upper Cohos was known as Namaos-coo-auke or pine tree fishing place; a name transformed and perpetuated in the modern name Ammonoosuc.

It is known that the Indian inhabitants of a section were generally called by some name descriptive thereof, and the Abenakis occupying this section were known as the Coo-ash-aukees or "Dwellers of the pine tree country" from Coo-ash meaning pines, and auke, place. This title applied especially to the inhabitants along the Connecticut valley above Mt. Moosilauke. The Coo-ash-aukees were members of the great Algon-

quin tribe and were often forced through the long winters to subsist on buds and bark and sometimes even on the wood of trees for weeks at a time. From this they were called in mockery by their bitter enemies the Iriquois, "Ad-i-ron-daks," which meant tree eaters. The Algonquins, in return, called the Iriquois, the "Maquas", or man eaters.

The Iriquois and Algonquins differed in manners, and customs and were hereditary enemies. All tribes stood in awe of the Iriquois and all the New England tribes with scarce an exception paid annual tribute to them. The Coo-ash-aukee Indians made their wigwams small and round and for one or two families only. They were made of poles set up around a circle from 10 to 12 feet across and the framework was covered with hides. They had but a vaguely crude idea, if at all, of religion. The flight or cry of a bird; the hum of a bee, the crawling of an insect, the turning of a leaf, the whisper of a breeze, all were mystic signs of good or evil import by which he was guided. He placed the greatest confidence in dreams, which were to him revelations from the spirit world, guiding him to the places where game lurked and to the haunts of his enemies.

The head village of the Coo-ash-aukees was at Abenakis as it is called in Canada or St. Francis as their village is still called. Descendants of those broken tribes still live in the village at St. Francis. They were strong in number, power and enterprise and strong allies of the French. Here was planned expedition after expedition against the English border settlements and here was paid the bounties offered for scalps. The French at Montreal paid \$11.00 for scalps and \$55.00 for prisoners, which perhaps explains why captives were so well treated on the long march to Canada.

Here, too, was a city of refuge for all outlawed savages driven from the English country.

These Indians claimed the Cohos country as their own. They enjoyed the rich profusion of game and fish of the upper Connecticut. The bear, moose and game were of a superior quality, while in the cool waters of the streams, trout and salmon abounded. The fertile soil yielded large crops of corn, wherever their rude planting covered the kernels. It was select and paradisiacal country, this Cohos and no wonder they stoutly resisted all encroachments of the English, or their attempts to occupy their last hold upon New England.

Through the Cohos passed their trails, when they carried death and destruction to the frontier settlements of lower New Hampshire, and their jubilant cries, as they returned laden with spoils, scalps and prisoners, resounded among the tall white pines of the upper Connecticut. Until the village of St. Francis was destroyed by Rogers Rangers in 1759, no paleface except a captive, was allowed even a lodging in the Cohos.

Among those who returned to their old hunting ground in New Hampshire after St. Francis was destroyed were two families of distinction, of which the chief's were known as Captain Joe, or Indian Joe, as the early historians called him, and Captain John, his brother. They were active as scouts in pre-Revolutionary days and both took part in that struggle. Indian Joe died at Newbury and was buried in the Oxbow Cemetery. Captain John led a party of Indians enlisted from Cohos and vicinity and received a Captain's commission. He was also buried at the lower Cohos. He was known among the Indians as Sussup and left one son called Phial,—Phial being the Indian for Philip.

There is reason for belief that this Phial, son and heir of Captain John, a Coo-ash-aukee Chief, and who returned to aid the patriots with a band of Cohos Indians was "Philip", Indian Chief, who gave to Thomas Eames of Northumberland; the now famous deed of June 8, 1796, conveying the present county of Coös and part of Maine

to him and his associate for the privilege of planting four bushels of corn and beans annually, the right to hunt and fish, and clothes for himself and his squaw, Molly.

The last Chief of the Coo-ash-aukees who made Colebrook their "stamping ground," was Metallak, and his memory still lives. Sportsmen who voyage up the Magalloway to or through Paramchene or over those delightful bodies of water known as the Rangeley Lakes hear frequent mention of the word "Metallak." The name of Molly, his squaw, is preserved in Molly-Chunk-a-munk lake, now called Lower Richardson Lake.

The first white settler in Colebrook was Eleazer Rosebrook, a pioneer from Massachusetts. He and his wife, Hannah, after stopping temporarily in Lancaster, which was settled in 1763, moved into the woods up the river 35 miles from any inhabitant, with no guide to his cabin except blazed trees. Salt at one time was very scarce and Captain Rosebrook was compelled to go on foot to Haverhill, a distance of 80 miles, the whole distance through trackless forest, following the Connecticut River as his guide. He obtained one bushel and shouldering it, trudged back over the same rude path to his home.

Colebrook was first known as "Colebrook Town" and with Columbia, formerly called Cockburn and Stewartstown was granted December 1, 1770, to Sir George Colebrook, Sir James Cockburn and John Stewarts of London, England, and John Nelson of Grenada, West Indies. At the time of the Revolutionary War there were but four people in town and but 14 in Columbia. These increased from time to time until in 1795 there were about 30 ratable polls. It is probable, however, that there were not more than 15 men who had commenced to clear the land and make homes for their families.

Roads occupied much attention of the early settlers. The Indian trails kept worn by the trapper and hunter were better than the trackless wilderness but these trails were unsuited to the needs of an increasing population. A path through the forest marked by blazed trees was sufficient to answer the name and purpose of a "horse road". People who walked were called "footers," and traveling on the Lord's Day except to church was forbidden.

In an old history I found a copy of a complaint issued August 1, 1792, by Elisha Wilder, Tithingman, of Lancaster, against William Rosebrook and Samuel Howe and wife of Lancaster who did travel on the Lord's Day in open violation of the Law and against the Peace and Dignity of the State.

The nearest seaport where articles of commerce could be bought was Portsmouth. As early as 1752 the Provincial Congress made an appropriation to cut a road to be called the Cohos road from Portsmouth to Haverhill on the lower Cohos. This road went through Dover, "Barnstead", "Winnipesocket Pond at the Wares," as the old records state, through Plymouth, Rumney and over Warren Heights entering Haverhill corner by what is called the old turnpike. It was a mere bridle path and was not passable by ox-cart for several years. However, it was the first attempt to open up the Cohos country.

For more than 20 years the settlers above Haverhill had but little better roads than the savage Indians had had for centuries. The early records say that Captain Rogers of Rogers Rangers quite probably cut out a road to convey his supplies to build Fort Wentworth in Northumberland in 1755.

There were people, who in their old age told the younger generation that all that kept them in Cohos was the terror of the passage back to the places whence they came. Many a man and woman came all the way from Concord alone, the woman riding the horse and the man walking by her side carrying a few indispensable articles and camping out at night under the trees.

It was very natural that the inhabitants of the upper Cohos should desire a good road to Haverhill and Portsmouth as their old homes and friends were in that direction. Many petitions were sent to the Legislature between 1763 and 1790, asking that the roads be made passable but they all seemed to be fruitless. In 1790 evidently discouraged by the roads, the people of the northern towns petitioned the Legislature to separate the northern and southern parts of Grafton county and create the county of Coös. They stated in their petition that the roads to Haverhill, the shire town, were often impassable and people were compelled to travel a great distance over the worst roads in the country to have a deed or paper recorded or to seek legal advice. The courts were so over-crowded that they were often compelled to wait days.

It was not until 1803 that the county of Coös was created with Lancaster as the shire town. From this time on the population of Colebrook grew rapidly. The only road in town was the one which followed the Connecticut River and one which followed the Mohawk for a short distance.

The people of the community began to see the necessity of some means of getting to some market nearer than Portsmouth; not only for procuring supplies for themselves but also to enable them to dispose of the articles of produce, which they were able to spare.

Portland, Maine, was the nearest point of trade, but there was no respectable road, on account of the Dixville mountains, which rose between the valley of the Connecticut and that of the Androscoggin.

A road was projected in 1803, and built through Dixville Notch to Errol, a distance of about 22 miles. It is interesting to note that the first roads of the early settlers followed the Indian trails. This road followed the old Abenakis Indian trail up the Mohawk river to the carry at Dixville, then through the Notch a little to one side of the Indian trail. It then followed the trail down Clear Stream to the Androscoggin at Errol, where it met the road known as the "Coös Trail" which had been completed from Hallowell on the Kennebec to Upton and Errol the previous year.

The early settlers of Maine blazed this trail in 1782 after a petition had been granted by the general Court to construct a road from the head waters of navigation on the Kennebec to the upper bars on the Connecticut river; believing that this would open up the country, through which it passed, to settlers, and to make a shorter route from northern New Hampshire to the sea. They traveled by means of compasses blazing their trail from Hallowell through Winthrop, Fayette, and Chesterville, through a corner of Jay to Wilton, Carthage and Weld.

After crossing the beautiful Coös canyon the road followed the west branch of the Ellis river to Byron, and Andover, thence over East B. Hill to Upton and Errol. This trail was about 100 miles long and the men who worked on it were mostly returned Revolutionary soldiers.

For some reason, the men who blazed the trail, abandoned it. Work was not resumed until 1793 and the road was not completed until 1802, the year before the New Hampshire end was built.

Each winter the farmer of Colebrook loaded his sled with wheat, pearlsh and potato whiskey and hauled it to Portland where he exchanged it for molasses, salt, fish, and such other necessities as were required for the year to come. Their ox sleds were shod with cast iron runners, later these were shod with steel, which was an improvement as the iron ones would freeze down every time the team stopped.

The journey occupied about two weeks. Nearly all went together for company and aid in helping each other up the steep hills. It is now agreed that the early settlers built the roads over the worst hills they could find. There was little money in town

and nearly everything was bartered instead of bought. Pearlash and gress seed were the only things that could be sold for cash.

Whiskey was an important article of manufacture and was made from potatoes. The farmers carried the potatoes to the still and bartered them for whiskey at the rate of three bushels of potatoes for one gallon of whiskey. It was a common beverage and hardly any family was without it. It is told that a certain family used to send one of the boys to the still after a gallon of whiskey at a time and he came nearly every day. On being told that it seemed as if he had to come pretty often, he replied, "What is a gallon of whiskey in a house where they have no cow?" In early days a "barrell" of rum was calculated to be of as much value to a family in a year, as a cow.

A word as to the making of pearlash may not be out of place, as it is probably a mystery to most people at this time. Ashes were placed in tubs or barrels, or more often in a long vat made for that purpose and carefully leached by turning water over the contents. The lye was placed in large pot ash kettles set in arches. These pot ash kettles were made of iron and weighed about 700 pounds. (At the time of the war in Indian Stream territory, one of these kettles turned upside down on a rock was used as a temporary jail.) The water was evaporated, which left in the kettles a great cake of dirty-brown matter called pot ash. Pearlash brought from \$75 to \$150 a ton in the Portland markets. In this concentrated form the great forests of these valleys were with much labor turned into money by the hardy settlers.

This early road cut about eight feet wide was not much better than a bridle path and the small streams and swampy places were crossed on "corduroys." It sufficed for a time as there was little transportation over it except by horseback in summer and by ox sleds in winter. Those that had a horse would make what was called a "car" by pinning crosspieces to two light poles of suitable length, putting the horse in as into the thills of a wagon, the back part dragging on the ground and the load fastened on just behind the horse.

Those that had oxen, used a wide spread crotched stick like a cart tongue, this they called a "go cart". Those who had no team either drew their load by hand or carried it on their backs; and the man that could not carry 100 pounds on his back was not fit for a pioneer. It was not until about 1822 that the four-wheeled carriage was introduced into Coos County. A revenue tax of \$1.00 had to be paid to the Collector of revenue upon each wheel carriage.

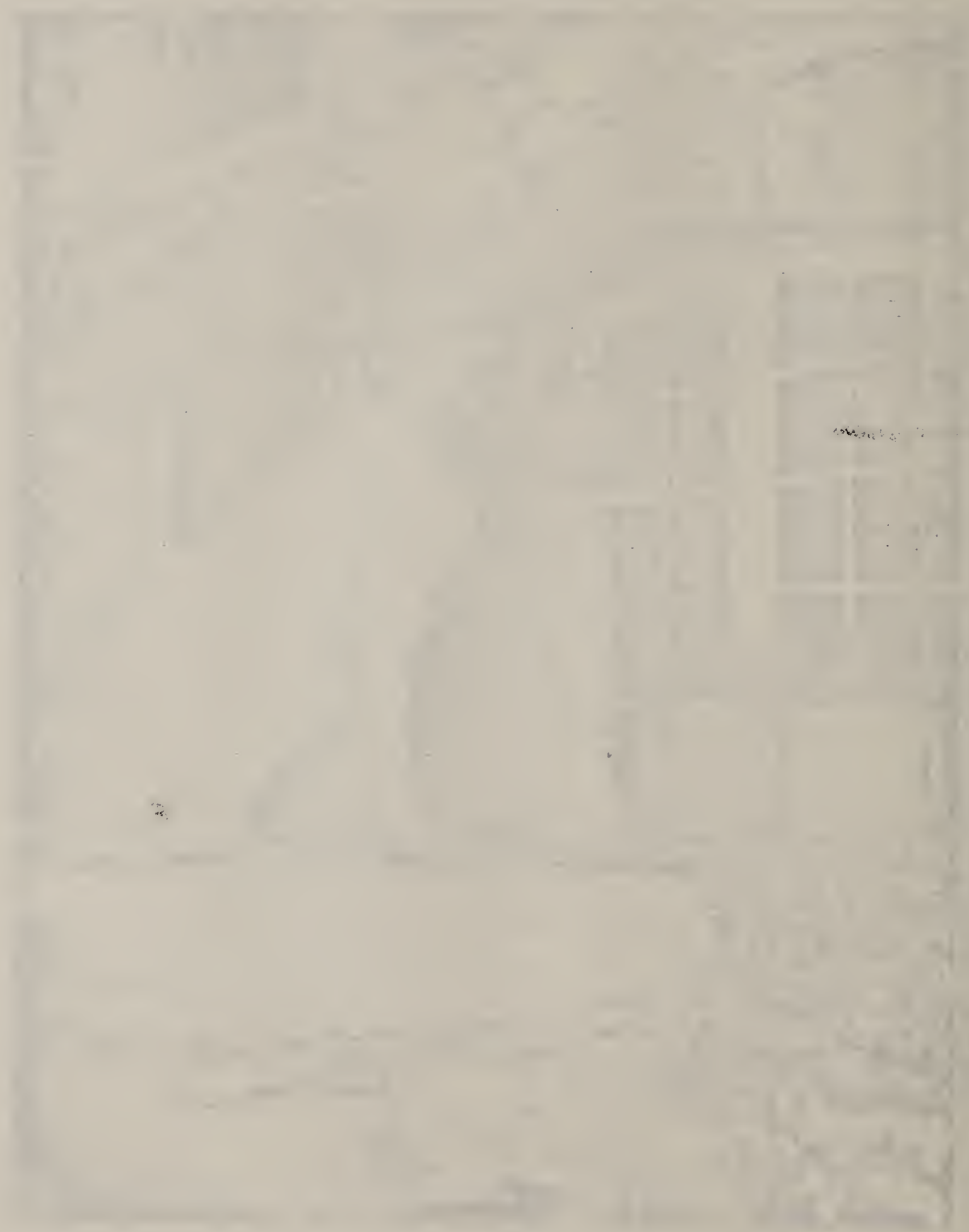
In 1807, Hezakiah Parsons, representative from Colebrook, Stewartstown and Errol to the New Hampshire Legislature, secured the passage of "an act to raise \$5000 by public lottery", to construct a carriage road from Colebrook to Errol. The lottery was a failure but the road was improved and made a valuable link in the highway to Portland.

Traditions fade and the men who built the trail are gone but the highway remains as a monument to their perseverance, and we, who wear the insignia of the Daughters of the American Revolution have made it a practice to mark historic sites and to erect monuments that they who pass may be saturated with a larger, fuller inheritance of courage, steadfast faith and intelligence.



THE EDITOR
with
"Grip" (Agrippa of Saxondale),
one of his English mastiffs, ribbon winner at Cruft's London
show and at many others, on corner of the north terrace at
Saxonstone, his home in Weston.

Photograph taken in September, 1941.



THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
JANUARY 1, 1900

EXTRACT FROM

History of Town of Columbia, N. H.

BY

WILLIAM CONE

INCLUDED IN HISTORY OF COÖS COUNTY: 1888

CHAPTER LXXXIII, PAGE 725

Pioneers: ABEL LARNARD was the first settler to make a home in the valley of the Connecticut above Lancaster. He came from Windham, Conn., where he had married Mary Ann Webb, a niece of Col. Webb, a Revolutionary soldier.

He pushed his way far beyond all traces of civilization, and took up his squatter's claim, and built his log cabin on the hill about one-fourth of a mile below where is now the Columbia burying ground. After clearing a small piece of land, he settled down to a pioneer's life. From the river nearby he obtained an abundance of salmon and trout, from the surrounding forest, venison, fowl, and an occasional "bar steak," and from his small clearing a few vegetables and a little corn.

Two sons were born to him; but when the oldest was nine years of age the father died of a fever, and his heartbroken widow, with her little boys, led a lonely life after this sad event.

About the close of the Revolutionary war, as the boys were making sugar by the bank of the river, they were taken prisoners by the Indians and carried to Quebec. The anxious mother in some way sent word of her affliction to her uncle, Col. Webb, then on Gen. Washington's staff; he at once proceeded to Quebec, secured the release of the boys, and they were returned to their mother under an escort of soldiers. Some years after, one of a party of Indians passing thru here told Mrs. Larnard that he was one of the band that stole her boys, and that the sugar kettle could be found at the mouth of Sim's Stream. It was found and kept in active use many years after.

Many dangers and privations were endured by this courageous woman. The Indians passing up and down the river usually camped on the bank opposite her cabin. Often the "fire-water" was too plenty, when their orgies would be kept up far into the night. Mrs. Larnard was in constant fear of their savagery, yet she never was molested but once, when, grasping the fire-poker, she laid the miscreant out, and, dragging him to the door, pitched him out in the snow; she then kept watch, expecting the whole pack down upon her; but, in the morning, as sheepish as an Indian can be, he came and said to her, "Me very bad Indian, you done just right." She never had any further trouble from them.

The wolves often prowled round her little cabin, and with fierce, vicious eyes glared thru the little window. The pangs of hunger were felt many times in that far away home. For nine years Mrs. Larnard lived there without seeing a white woman, when, hearing that a family from near her old home had moved to Northumberland, she told her boys that she "must see that woman or die."

When winter came and the river was frozen, the boys took their bundles of furs and a bag of corn, and started for the mill at Haverhill, while their mother went to make her visit. The boys had their corn ground, exchanged their furs for powder, tea and other necessities, and were joined by their once more cheerful mother on their return.

After Columbia became settled to some extent the family moved to Canada where Mrs. Larnard died at an advanced age. The sons never married.

In the spring of 1786 Abel Hobart, then in his seventeenth year, left the home of his childhood in Holland, Mass. (This is in error: Abel's home was in Campton, New Hampshire. The Wallaces came from Holland, Massachusetts. Ed.), and, on foot, made his way to these wilds of Northern New Hampshire. "The clothes on his back, a sable skin and a tow shirt in his bundle, an axe on his shoulder, and two-and-sixpence in his pocket" constituted his available means. But he had in addition what is better than gold and silver (especially to a pioneer), strong hands, good judgment, and faith in himself and God.

He found but two settlers in the town, Abel Larnard's widow, living just above where Samuel M. Harvey now lives, who had been here some years, and Major Jennison, living just below where the Columbia Hotel now stands. Mrs. Larnard was the happy owner of one cow, while the Major "could his steed bestride" (from which fact we infer him to have been a Major of cavalry). At any rate a horse and a cow constituted the live stock of the town. Several others had been here and made small clearings preparatory to bringing their families later. Among them were William Wallace (whose clearing was where Anson Wallace, his grandson, resides), and the Terrys, who established themselves where Asa Lang now lives. In Lemington, Vt., Col. Bailey was clearing the big meadow; further on was the place now owned by Ed Capen in Canaan, Vt.; while at Colebrook, Jim Hugh had rolled up a log-house just back of where George Gleason's house is now located; and Luther Chandler had a home where is now Crawford's residence.

Hobart selected as the site of his future home the place now owned by ex-Sheriff Samuel T. Bailey. He at once commenced a clearing, and, in a few years, large fields had taken the place of the dense forest, and a comfortable house had been built, to which, in the summer of 1794, he took his young wife, Betsey Wallace. For sixty-five years they walked the path of life together, ever contented with their lot and happy in each other's love. Honored and revered and full of years, they passed to the hereafter mourned by all who knew them, while "their children to the third and fourth generation rise up and call them blessed." "And they builded a City!"

One of their sons, Horace, and three of their daughters with their husbands, were pioneers and prominent in founding the city of Beloit, Wisconsin. Another son, Anson L., is a successful and highly esteemed physician in Worcester, Mass. Their other children were respected citizens of their native town; two of the sons, Roswell and Harvey, having received all the offices and honor their townsmen could confer.

Abel Hobart and his wife were consistent Christians, members of the Congregational church, almost puritanical in strict observance of the Sabbath, church duties and family worship. Mr. Hobart was an excellent neighbor, hospitable and strictly temperate, with an endless fund of stories for the children, and one of the most companionable of men, in whose society all received pleasure and profit. Five sons and five daughters were reared in habits of temperance and industry, and bore evidence of the wisdom and excellence of their parental training.

The Wallaces moved here in the spring of 1787, William, then a small boy, having driven the first team that came up from Brunswick, Vt. He sat on the sled and "tended" the oxen, while his brother Danforth went ahead and trimmed out the road which had only been travelled by people on foot and by pack horses.

Two years before, three of the Wallace boys came here on horseback, made a clearing, raised some potatoes and other vegetables, and built a cabin. Soon after they had harvested their crop their cabin was burned while they were chopping in the

woods, and with it their saddles, clothing and provisions. William, the youngest, went on horseback to Holland, Mass., where he procured supplies, while the other two boys remained to build another cabin, enlarge the clearing, and make ready for the next year's work. Disaster only added zest to their enterprise and spirit to their energy, and, altho obliged to live on the roasted potatoes from the cabin cellar with no salt to give them flavor, they kept up their strength so that when William returned he found a new and better cabin all completed.

The two older boys moved away, but William remained and became one of the largest farmers and most successful business men of the town. For many years he was the principal cattle-drover of this section. A man of integrity, respected by all who knew him, and lived to a good old age.

* * *

Note: The foregoing extract is reproduced here, not only for its references to the Hobart and Wallace families, so many generations of whom lived and died in Columbia, but particularly because it is the most authoritative and interesting account of the town's first settlers and their mode of life that is known to the editor.

William Cone, the author, was born and died in South Columbia (February 11, 1839–October 14, 1929). He was a grandson of Capt. Abel Hobart, and the son of William Cone, Sr., and Persis Hobart Cone. It is probable that the Cones of Columbia came there from Campton, New Hampshire, and were related to the Cones who were pioneer settlers of Campton.

Mr. Cone was an unusual man. A farmer with the features of a poet; a sawmill operator with the demeanor of a savant; a dreamer who appeared to be as heedless of his business as of his attire; and yet, at the end of a long life, he left a very substantial estate to accompany a respected name.—Ed.

Horace Hobart, The Beloit Pioneer

HORACE Hobart, son of Captain Abel, who was born in Columbia, New Hampshire, August 12, 1803, was one of the founders of Beloit, Wisconsin, and of Beloit College. He was educated for the ministry, but a throat affliction affected his voice to such an extent that he did not follow his chosen profession. Some effort has been made to trace his descendants, but little has been discovered in the form of authentic records. The following information was supplied the writer under date of September 15, 1942, by Mr. John Pitt Deane, Clerk of the First Congregational Church of Beloit:

"In the church records I find the following items of information concerning members of the Hobart family:

"Horace Hobart was one of the original members of the First Congregational Church at its organization on Dec. 30, 1838. He died November 8, 1860.

"Mrs. Charlotte P. Hobart became a member of the Church 'on examination,' May, 1840. Dismissed by letter to Congregational Church at Janesville, Wisconsin, Oct. 12, 1865. Received by letter from Janesville, Nov. 26, 1867. Died at Las Vegas New Mexico, Feb. 11, 1884.

"Edward F. Hobart, received on examination March 5, 1849. Dismissed to Baraboo, Wisconsin, August 18, 1863. Received from Baraboo, May 5, 1867. Dismissed to Mayflower Church, St. Louis, Mo., June 30, 1869.

"Diana C. Hobart, received March 5, 1849. Dismissed by letter to Colebrook, N. H., August 29, 1849.

"Henry Hobart, received March 3, 1860. Dismissed to Janesville, Oct. 12, 1865. Received from Janesville, Nov. 26, 1867. Died at Santa Cruz, California, Feb. 10, 1885.

"Abby Cleveland, who later became wife of Henry F. Hobart, received by letter from Waterville, N. Y., March 6, 1864. Dismissed by letter to Santa Cruz, California, Oct. 2, 1886.

"Marion C. Hobart, evidently wife of Edward F. Hobart, received by letter from Baraboo, Wis., May 5, 1867. Dismissed to Mayflower Church, St. Louis, June 30, 1869.

"Fred Cleveland Hobart, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hobart, baptized Sept. 8, 1872.

"The records of the Church do not include marriages, and the record of baptisms is incomplete. Moreover the ink of the records has faded and I may have failed to pick up some items.

" . . . No records of vital statistics were kept in our city offices until about 1905 . . .

"I will add two quotations that may be of interest . . . :

"In *Historical Sketches of Beloit College*, by the late President Edward Dwight Eaton, page 26, footnote, is the following:

'None was more active and earnest than Deacon Horace Hobart. He gave considerable time interviewing the townspeople and impressing them with the vast importance of securing a location for the college; and possibly through his efforts more than of any other person (unless it be "Father" Clary) this spot of land was secured.' Quoted from Ellery B. Crane in *Proceedings at the Presentation of the Fisher Collection*, page 69.

"In *The Book of Beloit*, a volume brought out by the *Beloit Daily News* at the time of the Centennial of the town in 1936, in a chapter on 'How the Land was Divided,' occurs the following paragraph:

'Horace Hobart had a \$400 interest in the Company. From it he got a lot on the bluff; a share in the boarding-house; one-third of the abandoned Langdon claim; 15 village lots.'"

(*Note by Editor:* A letter to Diana (Hobart) Buffington, dated June 24, but with the year not given, from Charlotte (Field) Hobart of Beloit, Wisconsin, referred to family records collected by her son, Edward Hobart, then living in St. Louis. (Someone, on an unknown date, added a notation which stated that in 1904 Edward was living in Santa Fe, New Mexico.) This Charlotte (Field) Hobart was the widow of Deacon Horace Hobart. Among the pioneer founders from Colebrook and Columbia were Deacon Peter Field and family.

William Cone, Jr., in *History of Coös County* (1888) states that three of Horace's sisters, with their husbands, also joined the Beloit colony. As William Cone, Sr., and Dr. Lewis Snow, respectively the husbands of Persis and Harriet Hobart, were long-time, and presumably all-time, residents of Columbia, the sisters referred to must have been Roxa, Betsy, and Eliza Jane. The names of their husbands are unknown. Mrs. Buffington, in her correspondence, indicates that only two of Captain Abel Hobart's daughters (sisters of Horace) settled in Beloit, but there is reason to believe that Mr. Cone's statement is correct.

The Beloit Colony

Beloit, Wisconsin, and Beloit College were founded by pioneers from Colebrook and Columbia. The common traditions and relationship of these communities have been maintained from the beginning. Deacon Horace Hobart and many other descendants of Captain Abel Hobart were active in Beloit's founding and development.

The following account is condensed from a paper read in Colebrook on May 6, 1938, by Mrs. Mildred Corbett in connection with the centennial celebration of the Congregational Church of Beloit.

* * *

THE STORY OF BELOIT

Perhaps it would be interesting to look at American history in 1836 at the time this settlement began.

Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, neared the end of his occupancy of the White House.

At this time there was much talk of young Abe Lincoln. He was 27 years old and had been rail splitter, surveyor, storekeeper and postmaster. He was then a lawyer and member of the Legislature.

The entire population of the United States at that time consisted of less than fifteen million people, not many more than today live in the State of New York. Many established easterners were worried because so many had crossed the Alleghanies and settled on free land. It was no small journey, either, for the Mississippi was weeks removed from the Atlantic seaboard and especially the hills of northern New Hampshire. At that time even New York and Philadelphia were not connected by railroads.

They were dauntless men and women to leave the security of their New England towns to journey westward to an unknown wilderness. At that time the west was wide and free. There were wide fertile plains awaiting the plow with no horrible crop of granite to be garnered by back-breaking toil before the steel could turn a furrow. There were forests of pine and hardwood for homes; there were streams to turn the water wheels that sawed lumber and ground the meal. To the easterner it was the land of opportunity.

In 1836 there was one log cabin located on an intersection of land where Turtle Creek flows into Rock River which was later to become Beloit. It was the home of a French Canadian, Joseph Teba who had two Indian wives, one about 40 and the other 18 years of age. He also had two children. By trade he was a fur trader and did a good business until the Indians began moving west.

Joseph Teba was unhappy over conditions and was willing to move along himself when a prospecting land-hunter named Caleb Blodgett stopped overnight at his cabin. Caleb Blodgett was a Vermonter who had gradually moved westward as more promising opportunities appeared to him.

Mr. Blodgett offered Teba \$200 for what land this French Canadian claimed to own of which, of course, he really owned none. Neither Teba nor Blodgett knew how much land was transferred in the transaction but Teba said it was "three looks." Blodgett thought it approximated 7,000 acres. This was Beloit's first real estate transfer and both parties were satisfied.

In what is known today as the Tibbetts house on Main street, lived Dr. Horace White. He was not quite 30, young, vigorous and ambitious for opportunity and just a little weary of the sameness of Colebrook. Dr. White and his neighbors were talking of the west as was everyone else. One day in October, 1836, while Caleb and his family were building a log cabin in what is now Beloit, Dr. White and some of his friends met in his home to discuss the west. Several had already decided to move. Then others became interested and the idea of a Colebrook colony in the west was born. The New England Emigrating Company was organized and Dr. White was elected its agent to find a location in the west. The company would furnish him a horse and equipment for travel his traveling expenses and \$100 a month for his services. In return he would find the company a new home in the west. The company was comprised of 16 men, most of them married and heads of families. These men assessed themselves \$20 each to launch Dr. White upon his travels.

But before Dr. White could leave two of the company, Robert Crane and Otis Bicknell, who had decided to go, started on a prospecting tour of their own. Driving a team hitched to a two-horse wagon, they left Colebrook October 24, 1836. In four days they reached Burlington, Vt., and then traveled by boat to Troy, N. Y., thence by Erie Canal barge to Buffalo and by steamer to Detroit which they reached on November 8. Then by wagon to Ann Arbor. Here they were joined by White who had driven alone in the company sleigh all the way from Colebrook. The remainder of the journey was partly by foot and partly by team. After awhile they all reached Rockford where they were joined by another Colebrook man, Harvey Bundy, who was a clerk in a trading post. After much prospecting they decided upon Turtle (as Beloit was then called). For the sum of \$2500 Caleb Blodgett sold one-third interest in his claim of "three looks." The money was to be paid in installments with the understanding that a tract of land one mile square should be reserved from farming purposes for a village.

By this transaction New England came to Beloit and has remained, giving Beloit many New England characteristics and institutions. It was the largest real estate transaction in all Beloit's 100 years of history.

Bicknell, Crane and Dr. White pooled their few dollars to buy a team of horses, a saw, axes, and seed so that wheat, corn, oats and potatoes might be planted to furnish food for the others of the company when they arrived at their new homes. Dr. White returned to Colebrook to start the colony westward. Crane and Bicknell felled trees, split rails for fences, plowed and planted fields. What time could be snatched from this work, the men worked on the boarding house that must be built before the colonists were to arrive. On June 5th, young Alfred Field, unmarried and in a hurry to get to the west, arrived from Colebrook. He urged haste. "Others of the company are coming soon," he said, and turned to with a will to prepare for them. Nor were they far behind for on July 13, Leonard Hatch arrived but became ill and after only two days' stay was forced to return east. On the 20th of the same month Dr. George Bicknell and his brother Edwin arrived. Then on August 4th, while R. P. Crane was hard at work on the board shanty he was building for his home he heard much excitement. Hurrying to the bank of the Creek he saw a wagon drawn by three horses. In it was his wife and baby son, Deacon Horace Hobart, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Crosby and baby son, Mrs. Crosby's mother, his brother James Crosby and Mrs. James Cass. Shortly afterward came Eleazer Crane, Asabel Howe and by November 10, Dr. White was back bringing with him Cyrus Eames and Lawrence Black. Captain John W. Bicknell and Samuel G. Colby came in 1838 and David Bundy in September of that year. Later many others came to the colony from different parts of New England. With so many there was work for all, much of it was done in common.

The colonizers were housed and fed. Accident and disaster had been avoided. All this had been accomplished by a joint effort in a community undertaking. These pioneers were men and women able to stand upon their own resources and by February 1838 the need for the company organization had passed. The land had been divided, the first school had been built and John Burroughs of Colebrook was the first schoolmaster. On February 24, 1846, the community was incorporated as a village and in 1856, ten years later, the first city government was organized.

Beloit College is the product of more than one line of influence although each influence in its turn goes back to New England. The New England Emigrating Company resolved before leaving their native hills that they would unite in sustaining institutions of science and religion. While they were still living in their shanties they built a house for church, school and town meetings. In 1842 they built a stone church which was a grand structure for that time. It was one of the first three Protestant churches in the state and had the first bell in the Rock River valley. When the city was laid out they named one street College street. They established an academy which was the germ of the later college. To Rev. Stephen Peet belongs the honor of being foremost and chief of the founders in this great college.

After three conferences the charter of the college was accepted in October 1846, just ten years after the idea of a colony was conceived in Colebrook. The first corner stone was laid in that fall. The first class of five men students entered November, 1847. Sereno T. Merrill was the first of the Beloit teachers. The time of morning prayer was fixed at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock and during winter at six o'clock. They also had evening prayers at 5 o'clock. There is a great deal more of interest regarding the college but neither time nor space will allow us to consider any more.

Beloit's first church group, the First Congregational Church Society, was established in the Blodgett kitchen where great logs crackled in the ample fireplace while the scripture was read from the family Bible and Deacon Peter R. Field offered prayer on a cold December night in 1838. At this meeting twenty-four pioneers of the new and primitive Beloit banded themselves together into a congregational to worship their God. From the day of arrival of the New England Company in 1837 public religious worship on the Sabbath was instituted by the Congregationalists and never afterwards omitted. Worship consisted of singing, prayer and reading a printed sermon.

The Monadnock Congregational Church of Colebrook was established in 1802 and on May 28, 1838, the Congregation of that day voted to give letters of dismissal and recommendation to Brothers Peter R. Field, Alfred Field and Horace Hobart to join any church of Christ where God in His Providence shall call them. Later in 1838 letters of dismissal were given to others. These men and women were among the twenty-four charter members who gathered in the Blodgett kitchen to form a new church society. Many new members were added during the following months and plans were soon made for a new church home. In 1842 the cornerstone of the old church was laid.

The Settlement of Plymouth, New Hampshire

A HOLLIS COLONY*

The war for the conquest of Canada ended in 1761. Many of the soldiers from Hollis who had been in that war, in their toilsome marches through the northern wilderness, had become acquainted with the fine country on the upper branches of the Connecticut and Merrimack. They returned to their homes with so favorable impressions of that part of New Hampshire, that in the fall of 1762, a party of eight men from Hollis went to what is now Plymouth, to explore the country with a view to settlement there. This exploration, with their report of it, resulted the next year in obtaining a charter of the town of Plymouth from Benning Wentworth, the Governor, dated July 16, 1763. Of about sixty grantees named in this charter, near two-thirds were Hollis men. Emigration from Hollis at once commenced, and within the next three years a large number of the former residents of Hollis became settlers in Plymouth, of whom many were afterwards known as influential and respected citizens of that town. Among them were Col. David Hobart, afterwards distinguished for his bravery and good conduct as the Colonel of a New Hampshire Regiment under Gen. Stark at the battle of Bennington, and Col. David Webster, who commanded a Regiment of New Hampshire troops at the taking of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and was afterwards sheriff of Grafton County. Besides the foregoing, there were Dea. Francis Worcester, for many years a deacon of the Hollis church and town treasurer, and afterwards a representative to the General Court from Plymouth in the war of the Revolution; also three Captains of companies in the army, viz.: Jotham Cumings, John Willoughby and Amos Webster, the last of whom was killed at the battle at Saratoga in the command of a company of infantry attached to Col. Morgan's famous rifle corps.¹

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES²

HOBART, COL. DAVID

Son of Peter Hobart and grandson of Gershom Hobart, the third minister of Groton, Mass., born in Groton, August 21, 1722. Settled in that part of Hollis known as "One Pine Hill," about 1748, and was a Sergeant in the company of Capt. Powers in the French war in 1755. He was one of the grantees of Plymouth, N. H., and one of the first settlers of that town. His name last appears on the Hollis tax lists in 1765. In 1777 he was Colonel of the Twelfth New Hampshire regiment of militia and had command of a New Hampshire regiment under Gen. Stark at the battle of Bennington, where he greatly distinguished himself for his gallantry and good conduct, for which he received due commendation from Gen. Stark in his report of the battle. In that battle Col. Hobart with Col. Stickney led the attack against the Tory breastwork on the right where the contest was most desperate—the Tories it is said "fighting like tigers," and neither asking nor giving quarter. Col. Hobart having lost his wife, after the war removed to Haverhill, Mass., married a second wife and died soon after at Haverhill. The name of this heroic officer is erroneously spelt "Hubbard" in "Belknap's History of New Hampshire," as it also was said to have been in Gen. Stark's report of the battle.

*New Hampshire Hist. Coll., Vol. 3, p. 274.

¹From *History of the Town of Hollis, New Hampshire*, by Samuel T. Worcester, Pub. 1879: pp. 126, 127.

²From *History of the Town of Hollis, New Hampshire*, by Samuel T. Worcester, Pub. 1879: pp. 212, 213.

HOBART, COL. SAMUEL

A younger brother of Col. David Hobart, born in Groton, August 11, 1734. Settled in Hollis during the French war of 1755. Was a Sergeant in that war in 1758. Adjutant of Col. Goffe's regiment in 1760, and an Ensign in 1761. In 1767 he was Major of the Fifth New Hampshire regiment of militia. Representative to the General Court from Hollis for six years, from 1768 to 1774. In the year last named was appointed Colonel of the Second New Hampshire regiment of minute men, and was a delegate from Hollis to the New Hampshire Provincial Congress. Upon the organization of Hillsborough county in 1771, he was appointed Register of Deeds, County Treasurer and one of the Justices of the county court. In 1775 he was appointed Muster Master, and also Paymaster of the New Hampshire regiments at Cambridge. In 1777 he contracted with the State government to manufacture gunpowder for the State, and removed from Hollis to Exeter. Was representative to the General Court from Exeter in 1777 and 1778, and a member of the State Committee of Safety in 1779 and 1780. Anna Hobart, the first wife of Col. Hobart, died in Hollis, May 20, 1773. After he removed from Hollis he continued to reside in Exeter for several years after the war, married a second time, and finally removed to Kingston, N. H., where he died June 4, 1798, age 63.

Certain Other Descendants

OF

EDMUND HOBART I

The following records of some of Edmund's descendants who are not of the direct line to which this genealogy pertains, nor included in its text, are taken from a chart compiled by the Reverend Alvah S. Hobart of Yonkers, New York, dated April, 1897. These records are fragmentary, and their accuracy has not been verified by the editor of this publication. In the checking of the editor's direct line, he found that some of the dates given on this chart were in error, and it is quite possible that like errors may exist in these reproductions. Also the compilation of the chart is confusing in its style.

The termination of the record herein of any given line should not be construed to mean that the line ends with the record. These fragments are reproduced here to preserve them as aids to others engaged in genealogical research.

SIXTH GENERATION

Children of Israel Hobart V

(Shebuel IV, Gershom III, Peter II, Edmund I)

ISRAEL, JR.: born 1749; died 1823. Lived in Phelps, New York.

WILLIAM: born 1757; Harvard, 1774; Quarter Master General, 1776. Moved to Potter, New York, 1796. Died ———?

BENJAMIN: born 1757. Did not marry.

NEHEMIAH: died in infancy.

SAMUEL: died in infancy.

FIVE DAUGHTERS.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of William Hobart VI

(Israel V, Shebuel IV, Gershom III, Peter II, Edmund I)

WILLIAM LAWRENCE: born Townshend, Massachusetts, 1777; lived in Potter, New York; died 1865 (?); married, first, in 1805, Sally Wyman (1782-1813); married, second, in 1815, Phoebe Hall (1794-1847).

NANCY: born 1780; died 1859; married Joshua Parsons. Lived at Potter, New York.

JOHN: born at Townshend, Massachusetts, 1782; lived in Rushville, New York; died 1860.

COLONEL ISRAEL: born at Townshend, Massachusetts, 1785; married Mary Card at Potter, New York; died 1840.

BAXTER: born at Townshend, Massachusetts, 1790; lived in Potter, New York. Served in War of 1812; Colonel of 103rd New York Militia.

HANNAH: born 1791; died 1865 (?). She married Chester Loomis.

HARVEY: born 1794; died 1878, East Bloomfield, New York.

JOSEPH: born 1797; died 1879, Potter, New York.

ABEL BRADFORD: born 1798; died 1871, Randolph, New York.

WALTER PIKE: born 1800; died 1875, Potter, New York.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Jonas Hobart VI

(Shebuel, Jr. V, Shebuel IV, Gershom III, Peter II, Edmund I)

ISAAC: born ———? Died ———? Had at least one son:

ISAAC NEWTON: born Lyme, New Hampshire, 1812; died at Downers Grove, Ill., 1867. For many years was general secretary of Baptist State Convention of Illinois. He had at least two children:

ADONIRAM JUDSON: born ———? Died ———?

CHARLES HENRY: born North Oxford, Massachusetts, 1852. Pastor of Baptist Church, Oakland, California.

EMMA: born 1782; died November 1850. Married, first, ——— Bradley; second, Wright. Died in Boston, Massachusetts.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Solomon Hobart VI

(Shebuel, Jr. V, Shebuel IV, Gershom III, Peter II, Edmund I)

CAPTAIN JONAS: born March 3, 1785, Hollis, New Hampshire; married Sarah Faxon (who was born July 24, 1788; died December 9, 1878); moved to Westford, Vermont, October, 1804; lived on farm adjoining farm of his father, Solomon, until about 1860, and then went to live with his sons, chiefly with Eli, on a neighboring farm. He was a member of the Baptist Church of Westford; was made a deacon before 1835; and held the office until his death, April 19, 1880. Jonas was Captain of a company in the Second Regiment, Third Division, Vermont Militia in the War of 1812.

SUSANNA: born 1787; died 1819. Married John Cressy. They had at least two children:

JULIA (CRESSY): married Amos Eastman. They had one son, George.

HARRIET (CRESSY): married ——— Davis.

AMOS: died at twelve years of age.

ISAAC: died in Westford at twenty years of age.

Two daughters: died when young at Hollis, New Hampshire.

PATTY: died at Westford in 1812.

ELMIRA: born at Hollis, New Hampshire, November 8, 1801; died at Westford, Vermont, March 5, 1887. Married Jacob Macomber, March 5, 1820. Resided at Westford on farm later occupied by F. F. Macomber. Her husband, Jacob Macomber, was born October 4, 1786, at Chesterfield, Massachusetts; died April 13, 1867. He was the son of David and Catherine Macomber. Jacob was a soldier in the War of 1812, in the Second Regiment, Third Division, Vermont Militia. He was a constable and Justice of the Peace. The children of Jacob and Elmira Macomber were:

WILLIAM HARMON: born December 30, 1820. He was a farmer; married Mariette Howard on May 3, 1846.

JAMES HERVEY: born April 17, 1823; married Frances Beach, July 1, 1849; died October 15, 1888. He was a farmer in Westford. Prominent in town affairs.

ROSALTA M.: born April 10, 1826; married May 24, 1846, Edward Grow; died December 19, 1854.

SOLOMON HOBART: born April 12, 1828; married May 11, 1851, Rebecca Hamblin. Was state senator.

ELMIRA ELIZABETH: born January 27, 1834. Married June 8, 1851, Philo Jackson; died April 16, 1864. Lived in Shelburne, Vermont.

FRANCIS B.: born May 16, 1843. Enlisted in the First Vermont Cavalry in 1861. Served three years; was in one hundred engagements. Married Hannah Beach. Farmer in Westford, Vermont. Representative in the legislature.

SALLY: born 1803; died 1883; married Tyler Chase. Resided in Westford. They had at least one child:

ANGELLA: married Dan Macomber. They had a son, Vernon.

EMILLA: born 1808; died 1874; married Joel Griffin. Died in Waterbury, Vermont.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Children of Captain Jonas Hobart VII

(Solomon VI, Shebuel, Jr. V, Shebuel IV, Gershom III, Peter II, Edmund I)

SARAH: born September 15, 1809, Westford, Vermont; died at Westford, Vermont, July 19, 1849. Unmarried.

AMOS: born Westford, Vermont, November 15, 1810; died Westford, November 6, 1885. Was a farmer. Married Clarissa Fulington, 1840. Their children were:

HOMER: died young.

HENRY: born Westford. Lived in Wisconsin.

GERTRUDE: born Westford, Vermont, April 15, 1855; married January 12, 1881, to John S. Reynolds, who was born July 18, 1854. Lived in Essex, Vermont.

JANE: died young.

FLORENCE: died unmarried.

DEFOREST: died young.

JOHN: born Westford, Vermont, April 9, 1812. In early life, was a Methodist minister. Married Lucy Ayer, November 25, 1836. Married, second, Sarah Shaw, December 31, 1837. Was a chaplain in the United States Army. Died in Maine, September 26, 1884. His children were:

WILBUR: born Bucksport, Maine, February 18, 1839. Graduate of medical school of Boston University. Married Susan Bassett. Lived in Richmond, Virginia.

SARAH FRANCIS: born January 1, 1841, at Portland, Maine; married Edward A. Gay of Marlboro, Massachusetts, May 12, 1864, who died May 16, 1892. She lived in North Cambridge, Massachusetts.

MARY JANE: born Gardiner, Maine, June 17, 1844. Married William L. Weeks of Marlboro, Massachusetts.

RACHEL: born Westford, Vermont, March 28, 1814; died September 6, 1885. Married John Shipman. Lived in Oshawa, Canada, West. Their children were:

JOHN (Shipman).

HOBART (Shipman).

CHARLES: born Westford, Vermont, March 28, 1816. Lived in Cambridge, Vermont. He married, first, Julia A. Sabin, who was born in Georgia, Vermont, May 13, 1822; married March 6, 1840; died at Georgia, Vermont, March 13, 1844. No children. Married, second, Parthenia A. Sabin, born at Georgia, Vermont, May 4, 1827; married October 5, 1845; died at Georgia, Vermont, September 20, 1856. Their children were:

ALVAH SABIN: born at Whitby, Province of Quebec, March 7, 1847. Graduate of Colgate University in 1873. Married Mary C. Bancroft (who was born in Afton, New York, September 26, 1849, and who graduated from Hamilton Female Seminary in 1870) on September 30, 1874. He graduated from Hamilton Theological Seminary in 1875, and settled as pastor of the Baptist Church at Morris, New York, August 30, 1874; ordained June 30, 1875. Pastorates: Morris, New York, 4½ years; Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, 6½ years; Toledo,

3 years; Yonkers, New York in 1888 and was still there when he compiled the chart from which this material on "Certain Other Descendants" is derived, in April, 1897.

JULIA A.: born at Whitby, Province of Quebec, March 7, 1847. Graduate of New Hampton Institute in 1870. Married Lorenzo Atwood (a photographer, who was born January 16, 1841) on January 5, 1873. They lived in Burlington, Vermont.

IDA D.: born at Westford, Vermont, December 31, 1850. Graduate of New Hampton Institute in 1870. Married Cyrus A. Miller, a farmer at Winnebago, Illinois, where they lived.

CHARLES CLARENCE: born at Westford, Vermont, September 30, 1854. Entered Colgate University with class of 1878; remained there three years; graduated from Iowa University State Law School in 1880. Married Louise E. Jones of Middletown, Ohio. Lived in Troy, Ohio. Manufacturer of electrical machinery. Charles (the father of Charles Clarence) married, third, Margarette Defoe, who was born at Weybridge, Vermont, May 25, 1836, on September 20, 1858. Their children were:

A daughter: died in infancy in 1862.

FRANCES L.: born at Fairfax, Vermont, January 2, 1872. Graduated from Burlington, Vermont, High School, 1893. Was a teacher in public schools in Burlington, Vermont.

ROB ROY: born in 1884; died, July, 1888.

GEORGE: born September 2, 1817; married Anna L. Robinson, who died in 1864. Lived in Westford, Vermont. Was first a merchant and later a farmer. Their children were:

GEORGE J.: born at Westford, Vermont, January 13, 1853. On September 15, 1880, he married Alida E. Beach, who was born June 9, 1861. He was a representative in the legislature from Westford.

NELLIE L.: born at Westford, Vermont, December 12, 1856; died September 28, 1861.

NELLIE A.: born at Westford, Vermont, November 5, 1864; married Charles R. Tyler in 1883; died at Westford March 21, 1891. No children.

George's second wife was Maria Phillips.

MARY: born at Westford, Vermont, April 18, 1819. She married Charles Vaughan of Plattsburg, New York, as his second wife. He died about 1870. She afterward lived in Idaho, with a son, and died there. The children of Mary and Charles Vaughan were:
OMER: lived in Pendleton, Oregon.

JONAS: a physician of Everett, Massachusetts.

GEORGE: lived in Boise City, Idaho.

ELI: born October 1, 1821; died July 3, 1887. Married, first, Hannah J. Brush, who was born in 1831 and died in 1861. Their son was:

IRVING F.: born at Westford, Vermont, on January 11, 1858; married, on December 21, 1881, Emma L. Nichols, who was born October 14, 1859, and died September 12, 1884. He married again on August 25, 1886, Lillian J. Macomber, who was born August 3, 1866. Irving lived on the Eli Hobart farm in Westford (postoffice, Cambridge, Vermont). He was a selectman and town representative in the legislature.

For his second wife, Eli married Nancy Macomber, who died in 1896. Eli was a farmer in Westford.

JANE: born August 12, 1825; died November 18, 1844. Was unmarried. Lived in Westford, Vermont.

The foregoing family lines, taken from the somewhat confusing chart of Alvah Sabin Hobart, have been interpreted and recorded as accurately as possible, and are

probably correct. The following is a series of fragments which are reproduced herein for whatever value they may have for others in search of Hobart genealogical data. (Reverend A. S. Hobart is believed to have added to and elaborated on this chart at a later date.) The fragments are as follows:

- I. EDMUND.
- II. REVEREND PETER.
- III. NEHEMIAH.
- IV. NEHEMIAH, JR.: 1697-1740; Harvard, 1714.
- V. JUSTIN: 1731-1809. He had two sons:
- VI. NOAH: settled on farm in Vermont.
- VI. JUSTIN, JR.: lived and died in Fairfield, Connecticut. Justin had a daughter.
- VII. HANNAH: unmarried; lived in Fairfield in house built by her grandfather.

* * * * *

- I. EDMUND.
- II. THOMAS.
- III. JOSHUA: Braintree, Massachusetts; 1639-1713
- IV. CAPTAIN AARON.
- V. ISAAC.
- VI. COLONEL AARON.
- VII. ISAAC.
- VIII. BENJAMIN: married for second wife, widow of Elihu Adams. Wrote history of Arlington, Massachusetts.

* * * * *

Reverend Alvah S. Hobart gives a fragment of another line which starts with "Peter V." There were at least four Peters in the fifth generation, and there is nothing in the chart which identifies the one to whom he refers. It appears that whoever this particular Peter was was known as "Hubbard." The line is recorded as follows:

- V. PETER.
- VI. PETER, JR.: (Hubbard) November 21, 1742.
- VII. THEODORE: (Hubbard) October 25, 1774.
- VIII. THEODORE, JR.: (Hubbard) October 19, 1803.
- IX. A. S.: (Hubbard) July 7, 1838, near Chicago. In 1897 he lived in San Francisco. "Was Registrar, Sons of the American Revolution for California."

* * * * *

Reverend A. S. Hobart also records the following fragment of the line of another Peter:

- I. EDMUND.
- II. EDMUND, JR.
- III. SAMUEL.
- {IV. PETER: 1684—Peter V: 1727; Elijah VI; August, 31, 1763.
- {IV. JAMES: 1689—Shebuel V; June 8, 1767. These dates are obviously erroneous.

* * * * *

The chart carries one other item which is not included in the main text, but which is probably correct, although not verified by the editor. It records the children of Bishop John Henry Hobart (1775-1830), as follows:

- JOHN HENRY, JR.: pastor, Fishkill, New York. Died in 1890.
- Six others: None living in 1897.

HOBART-HUBBARD: CONFUSION OF NAMES

In various places in the historical notations and genealogical data of the Hobart family, the name "Hobart" is spelled HUBBORD, HOBURT, HUBBARD, and HOBARTT. This has led to some comment and confusion when looking at bare genealogical charts. The name is consistently spelled "Hobart" in all records of Edmund Hobart, Reverend Peter Hobart, who was a Cambridge University man, and Reverend Gershom Hobart of Groton, Massachusetts, who was a Harvard man.

The various other ways of spelling have been due to lack of education of town and church officials and, in that way, has crept into certain other records. All local town histories encountered have put the correct spelling in parenthesis. An interesting example is found in the volume published under the title of *The Early Records of Groton, Massachusetts, 1662-1707*, edited by Samuel A. Green, M.D. and published in 1880, where the various town clerks of the early days of Groton are quoted literally, and their spelling followed just as in the original town records. The names "Gershom" and "Shebuel" are spelled various ways, although referring to the same people. Shebuel was found spelled four different ways. On page 91 there was a record which starts as follows: "Desembr 14 day 1685 at a ginarall town meting it was agreed upon and uotid that thee Town wolld giue m Hubbard ffour core pound." This referred to a vote of the town to pay the Reverend Gershom Hobart four score pounds for his services as minister for one year. It proceeds on at some length with even more weird spelling. At the bottom there is a sentence in Mr. Hobart's handwriting (according to a notation by the editor), and signed by him properly as "Gershom Hobart."

Army records were likewise often made by semi-literates. One outstanding example of how such records creep into records made by better educated people is the fact that Colonel David Hobart (son of Peter, son of Reverend Gershom), one of the heroes of the Battle of Bennington, was commended by General Stark, who wrote the name "Hubbard." Formal Revolutionary records and all historical and genealogical records spelled Colonel David's name as "Hobart," and Groton birth records do the same.

These are only two of many of the examples which can be found to explain how the word HUBBARD has been erroneously used.

CALENDAR, OLD STYLE AND NEW STYLE

Genealogical data, particularly around the middle of the 18th Century, frequently shows records like "born February 3, 1733/4," or "February 3, 1733-4," which may be confusing to the reader. Dates thus given are due to the change from the old style calendar to the Gregorian Calendar now in general use. The late Mr. Harold C. Durell, of the New England Genealogical Society, explains the frequent conflict of year dates in American Genealogical Records as follows:

The English did not accept the Gregorian Calendar for quite a period after it had come into more or less general use in some, or all, of the American Colonies. England finally adopted it in 1752. Many of the older Colonial records were changed to conform with that calendar by entries such as quoted above. The fact that such entries appear at dates considerably later than 1752 can be attributed to the fact that even subsequent to that date some of the colonists used the old style and some the new style calendar. Many town officials and individuals making entries in family bibles or other records clung to the old style and others adopted the new style, and, it must be borne in mind, that many of our not too literate ancestors were slow to change their methods.

The Gregorian Calendar starts each new year on January 1 and ends it on December 31. Under the old system each new year started on March 25 and ended on March 24. If a person were recorded under the old system as having been born on March 10, 1738 it would mean that under the present system he would be recorded as having been born March 10, 1739.

Mr. Durrell explained that to amateur genealogists this slow change of systems had caused not only confusion but sometimes unwarranted embarrassment; for example, some marriages would be recorded as having taken place in the year following the year when the first child was born, although actually the parents had been married in the year prior to the birth.

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Supplemental Genealogical Data

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